

Ruck

WEEK ENDING MAY 1, 1915
PRICE TEN CENTS



PAINTED BY W. E. HILL

“ [REDACTED] !”

(DELETED BY THE CENSOR)

Why be Sixty-five in Body when Less than Thirty in Years?

Age in Years and Age in Body are not Identical
You are only as Young as You are Physiologically Efficient
Why Become Prematurely Old in Whole or in Part?

Why Take Less Than Your Full Share of Life and Pleasure? Are you living a full and successful life? Why not always be at your best?—thoroughly well, virile, energetic. Why not invest in yourself and make the most of your every opportunity? It is easy when you know how. The Swoboda System points the way. It requires no drugs, no appliances, no dieting, no study, no loss of time, no special bathing; there is nothing to worry you. It gives ideal mental and physical conditions without inconvenience or trouble.

THE SUCCESSFUL AND ENJOYABLE LIFE

Your living, enjoying and earning power depends entirely upon your energy, health, vitality, memory and will power. The Swoboda System can make you tireless, improve your memory, intensify your will power, and make you physically just as you ought to be. I promise it.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY:

"Conscious Evolution has done all for me that you promised and I am simply radiating good health. I can hardly believe it myself, it has made such a great change in me. I am in better condition than I have been for twenty years and am chuck full of energy and ambition. Tasks that were a burden to me in the past are now easy and a pleasure. I have no money to burn or throw to the birds, but if you were to offer me one thousand dollars in good hard cash and put me back where I was before beginning your system, I would say, 'Nothing doing.' I enjoy the work you have mapped out for me and am impatient to get at it."

"I SHALL BE SIXTY-SIX YEARS OLD NEXT AUGUST and if you were to see me right now you would say 'forty,' and, as a fact, I am better, stronger, and have more energy than the average man at forty. I have only you and your system to thank for these things, and I want to thank you from the very bottom of a grateful heart for what you have done for me. I am a man now in every sense of the word, whereas I was only a fraction of a man and rather a small fraction before profiting thru Conscious Evolution."

"The strangest part of it all is that my hearing is greatly improved. The muscles of my shoulders, back and abdomen are immense, and I have forgotten that I have a liver, kidneys, heart, or any other organs, except my stomach which makes a loud call three times a day. I have lost all desire for stimulants."

"I AM SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE, and in three weeks your system has apparently made a new man of me. I am so enthusiastic over Conscious Evolution that it is difficult for me to control myself, and not do more than you say. I want to thank you for the interest you are taking in my case. When I wrote you for your instructions I was in a very desperate condition. I have never been sorry for one minute that I have written you. On the contrary, I want to thank you for what you are doing for me. I am getting along fine; I am a wonder to myself. It does not seem possible that there could be such a change in any one in such a short time."

"When I tell some of my friends how quickly I was benefited by Conscious Evolution, they do not believe me. They think I exaggerate."

"One year ago I was an old man at forty; to-day I am a youth at forty-one."

"I must state that the principle of your system is the most scientific, and at the same time the simplest, I have ever heard. You do not misrepresent one single word in your advertising."

"Just think of it, five weeks ago I was ashamed of my physique; to-day I am almost proud of it. I am delighted with Conscious Evolution."

"Fourteen years ago at the age of sixty-eight I was an old man; today at the age of eighty-two I am the marvel of my friends; I am younger than most men at forty. Your system gave me a new lease on life."

"Last week I had a reading of my blood pressure, and was gratified to learn that it was fully ten points below the previous reading. This was a surprise to me as well as to my physician, who did not believe that my blood pressure could be reduced because of my advanced age."

"Doctors told me I had hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. They advised me against exercise. Conscious evolution reduced my blood pressure and made a new man of me."

"The beauty of your whole advertisement is that every word of it is the truth. Your system is the most wonderful in the world; it gave me new energy, strength and life; in other words, it made a new man of me. I have been an advocate of your system since the first day I used it; I have withstood a mental strain during the past year which would have broken my health had it not been for your system."

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

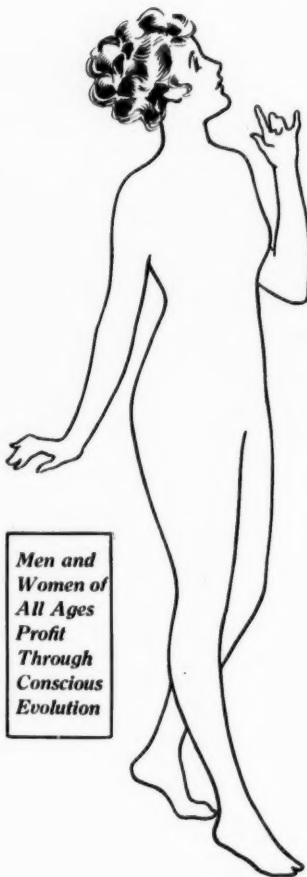
"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

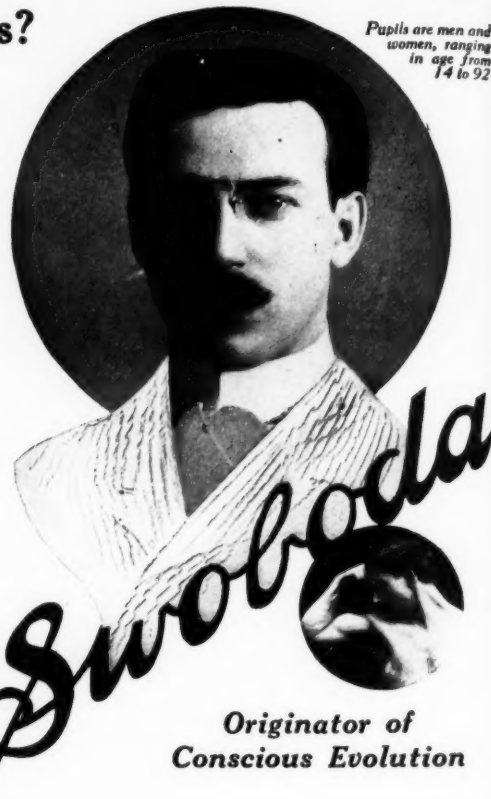
"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact, personally or otherwise."

"Your diagnosis and explanation of my brain trouble was a revelation to me. I have had the best physicians of my State, but your grasp of the human body exceeds anything I have ever heard or known. I have read your letters to many people, also to my physicians, who marvel at them."



Men and
Women of
All Ages
Profit
Through
Conscious
Evolution



Pupils are men and women, ranging in age from 14 to 92

Originator of
Conscious Evolution

"I feel that I must express once more my sincerest and warmest appreciation of the benefit you have given me. Had anyone told me that I could possess such fine quality of body and such development as I do at present, after nine weeks of Conscious Evolution, I would have said that they were raving mad. You have proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that you can do everything you say; in fact, I believe you really do more than you promise. Results have been so startling in my case that I feel that I have been born again. At the time of writing I feel full of life, energy and ambition. My body has assumed a most graceful shape of which I am more than proud and thank the day that I ever heard of you. I could write you a whole lot about your Conscious Evolution, I feel so thankful. There is no better value on God's earth than what you offer, and anyone who doubts your statements must be indeed more than skeptical. I would consider it an honor to have you use my letters in every way you think fit."

MY NEW COPYRIGHTED BOOK IS FREE. It explains THE SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and the human body as it has never been explained before. It explains MY NEW THEORY OF THE BODY AND THE MIND. It will startle, educate, and enlighten you.

My book explains HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE and HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES, as well as OLD AGE conditions and how to overcome them.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws for your own advantage.

My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It tells what Conscious Evolution means and what it may do for you. It also explains the DANGERS OF EXERCISE and of EXCESSIVE DEEP BREATHING.

I offer my System on a basis which makes it impossible for you to lose a single penny. My guarantee is startling, specific, positive and fraud-proof.

Write for my FREE BOOK and full particulars to-day before it slips your mind. Make up your mind to at least learn the facts concerning the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION for men and women.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1287 Aeolian Hall, New York City, N. Y.

The Swoboda System is guaranteed to be as represented



"I've Got 'Em Fooled Now!"

"If I just wanted whiskey, I'd ask for whiskey, but what I want is Carstairs. When I pour it myself from the non-refillable bottle I get Carstairs. Why don't you?"

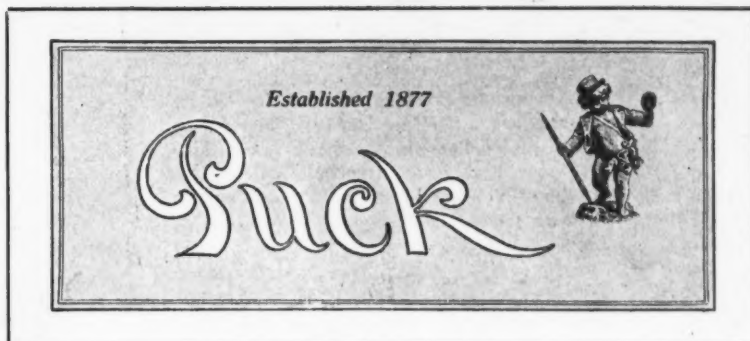
Carstairs Rye

"Established 1788"

Be sure you get Carstairs Rye in the non-refillable bottle — "a good bottle to keep good whiskey good." It insures your getting this rare, old whiskey — the mellowness of which is the result of long ageing combined with our more than 100 years' experience as distillers.



Stewart Distilling Co.
Philadelphia New York Baltimore



Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter

Contents of this Number

IN PICTURE

COVER DESIGN—"DELETED BY THE CENSOR"	W. E. Hill
CARTOONS	Will Crawford, Nelson Greene, Ralph Barton
BEAUTY IN DISTRESS	R. Van Buren
ALL AROUND THE TOWN	R. C. Ewer
PIN-HEADS	H. L. Bailey
OH, BUT THAT'S DIFFERENT	Nelson Greene
ON THE ROAD TO CALIFORNIA	Hy Mayer
OUR CONVENIENT FORM OF GOVERNMENT	K. R. Chamberlain
A WAR PROBLEM	Hy Mayer

IN TEXT

WELL? DO YUH?	Horatio Winslow
THE OBSTACLE	N. P. Jones
THE INCOMPETENTS	Harry Hamilton
THE EARNING POINT	Ellis Parker Butler
THE SEVEN ARTS	James Huneker
THE NEWS IN RIME	Dana Burnet
ON THE OTHER HAND	Simeon Strunsky
THE PUPPET SHOP	George Jean Nathan

Copyright, 1915, by Puck Publishing Corporation

Published Every Monday (dated the following Saturday)

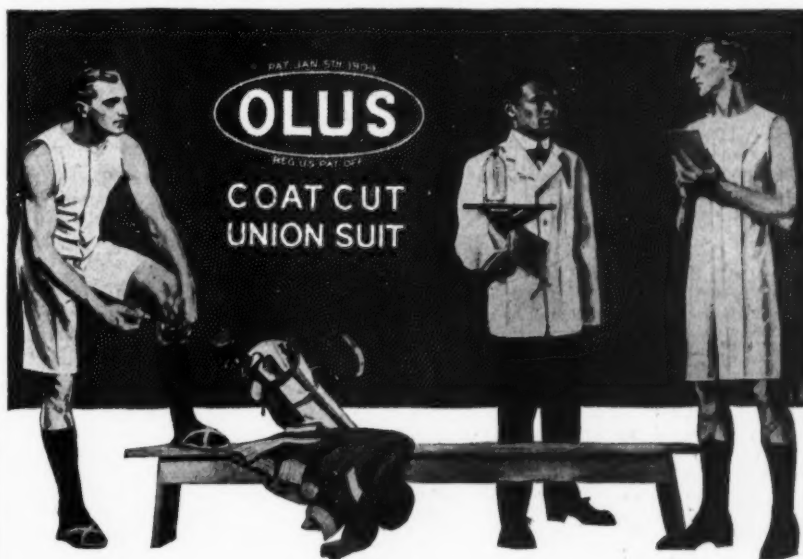
PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 295-309 LAFAYETTE ST., NEW YORK

Editor, A. H. FOLWELL

General Manager, FOSTER GILROY

Contributing Editor, HY MAYER

\$5.00 per year. Canada, \$6.00 per year. Foreign, \$6.50 per year.



- ☐ OLUS is coat-cut, opens all the way down the leg.
- ☐ Coat-cut means easy to put on, easy to take off.
- ☐ OLUS is the simplest union suit—but one thickness of material anywhere.
- ☐ You wear a coat-cut shirt. Try the OLUS coat-cut union suit.
- ☐ OLUS coat-cut construction is patented. If it isn't coat-cut, it isn't OLUS, but a substitute.

\$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3

OLUS one-piece pajama, delightful for sleeping or lounging. No strings to tighten or come loose. \$1.50 and up.
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

GIRARD COMPANY

346 BROADWAY, Dept. 8

NEW YORK



Out with the Old Blade; In with the New!

Don't carry a knife with broken blades

YOU can replace broken blades and keep your knife new if it's a Nagle Reblade Knife—"The Pocket Knife with Replaceable Blades." No tools required. Ten seconds does it. Here's our introductory offer for quick action. Send us a dollar bill (or money order) for the Nagle Reblade Knife you ever saw, with two replaceable blades and an extra blade for reloading. Looks exactly like a fine old-style knife. Quality strong. Blades can't come out accidentally. Sturdy, handsome handle. Additional blades as you need them for only a quarter each. Every man or boy needs a jack knife. Great for birthday gifts. Fully guaranteed.

Agents and Dealers wanted.
NAGLE ReBlade KNIFE CO.
68 Parker Ave. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Reference: First Nat. Bank, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.



White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

Is superior on all occasions.

From the famous White Rock Mineral Springs, Waukesha, Wis. Office, 100 Broadway, N. Y.



Club Cocktails

A BOTTLED DELIGHT

There is a vast difference between a mild degree of pleasure and a full degree of delight. The difference between the guess-work cocktail—quite frequently palate-repelling mixture—and the smooth, mellow, pleasurable cocktail, is embodied in every bottle of CLUB COCKTAILS—unvarying, always the same choice liquors, always the same gratifying flavor.

Measured to the drop, aged in wood, blended of fine, matured liquors. Have you tried the Bronx and Dubonnet varieties?

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford New York London
Importers of the famous Brand's A-1 Sauce

ART STUDIES
Den Pictures in Bewitching Poses
Genuine photos from living models on double-reel stock. 35 well-calibrated, age 6 for soc. with fine elegant photo FREE with order for 6.
Our Dollar Special: 6 calists, two 35s, and 20 small photos, all for \$1.00. Money back if not as represented.
KING CO., 3007-P, ANDOVER, O.

Puck



GRINIGRAMS

A woman, while out shopping, forgot her name. If she had a "charge account," her husband was lucky.

"We are living at a time when the brotherhood of man is spreading."
—Professor Taft.

So? We thought it had gone back a bit since the days of "My dear Will" and "My dear Theodore."

List to William Church Osborn, chairman of the Democratic State Committee: "If Governor Whitman is to be the Republican Moses, he is still in the bullrushes." Perhaps Mr. Osborn can inform us if Boss Barnes aspires to the role of Pharaoh's daughter.

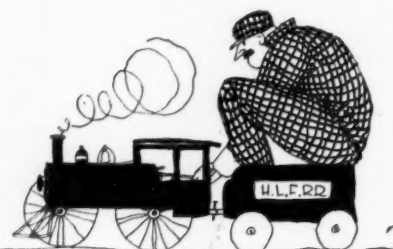
Germany has extended the date for closing subscriptions to her new war loan "in order to enable the soldiers in the field to subscribe." The poor devil in the trench doubtless finds boundless enthusiasm in thus increasing his chances of being killed.

In all the war-news, nothing so thrills us as when Germany, with sublime self-sacrifice, offers chunks of Austria to Italy.

"Within from five to ten million years to come the sun will have grown so dense that it can no longer radiate heat, and when the sun is extinguished, the earth will become uninhabitable."
—Garrett P. Serviss.

Suburban real estate companies, selling lots on the instalment plan, should bribe Professor Serviss to shut up.

Republicans who are worried over the bull market in Wall Street may soothe themselves with the thought that it may be due to war orders. Pray for peace, brethren. With peace declared, war orders will cease to come in, and the country may be put in a proper state of "depression" for the 1916 campaign.



THE FORD LOCOMOTIVE

Rumor had it recently that Henry L. Ford planned to purchase the American Locomotive Works.

The Rockefeller Foundation is to establish a million-dollar institution for the study of animal ailments. Will the Elephant, the Donkey, and the Bull Moose be among the first patients? Mr. Archbold, we believe, has had some experience with the Elephant.

Arizona, being a dry State these days, doubt exists in the mind of Secretary Daniels as to the proper fluid with which to christen the new super-dreadnaught of that name. Without desire to butt in, we suggest that milk and seltzer would make a pleasing combination. The news account would read: "While the fair sponsor sloshed Grade A milk over her bow, seltzer squirted from a dozen waiting syphons, and the Arizona started on her way."

"Back of the outward signs of a returning better feeling, bankers, manufacturers, and merchants say that the Federal Reserve system, in giving the country a financial strength never before realized in operation, is the primary consideration as a factor responsible for the upturn."
—The Sun's Business Review.

Dear, dear! And the Federal Reserve Act was part of that "insane interference with business" which bankers and manufacturers so bitterly deplored.

Said an arrival from Havana: "Johnson is the first man defeated since John L. Sullivan who has been man enough to acknowledge defeat without hue and cry of being tricked and doped out of the title." Thus further justifying the drawing of the color-line.

Republican campaign managers will be shocked to learn that "it is possible there will not be enough yachts this year to supply the demand." Nobody ever bought a yacht because business was bad.

WAR ORDERS have been boosting some unlisted securities sensationally. E. W. Bliss Co. stock, which sold at 200 a week or so ago, sold at 330 yesterday. Du Pont Powder common has risen 30 points in a week.
—From the New York * * * *, Tuesday, April 13th.

Does this significant paragraph perhaps explain why some of our newspapers consider our present policy of supplying munitions of war to the countries in Europe as justified and altogether compatible with our prayers and other efforts for Peace? Evidently their pocketbooks speak louder than their consciences.

It cost \$4,079,171 to elect the State officials of New York last November. The bills for the various investigating committees will doubtless put another good sized dent in the State treasury.

Puck's Household Almanac

FIFTH MONTH

MAY

THIRTY-ONE DAYS

A gill a day—the thing is clear,
Twenty-three gallons make a year,
Now this could buy a cow and keep her—
Two suits of clothes—a score of sheep, or
Twenty good things than brandy cheaper.

OLD ROBERT.



A PERIOD OF UNREST

Residents of Harlem, Brooklyn and Philadelphia celebrate this month the Vernal Equinox, when, acting in concert, they all seek new abiding places. Our etching illustrates a Brooklyn drawing-room immediately prior to the arrival of the vans.

MONTH'S HAPPY THOUGHT

One-quarter of the world's people die before they are six years old. One-half live to the age of sixteen, and one in every hundred reaches the age of sixty-five years.

USEFUL INFORMATION

The peel of one lemon added spirally to a glass of ginger ale immediately transforms the beverage into a horse's-neck.



TRAVELERS BY SEA

Dire travail awaits the traveler by sea in these perilous times. Merchants having goods for disposal would wisely sell them to those of their neighbors who have a mind to purchase, since no guarantees of safety may be had for shipments dispatched by water.

1 Sa
2 Su
3 M
4 Tu
5 W
6 Th
7 Fr
8 Sa
9 Su
10 M
11 Tu
12 W
13 Th
14 Fr
15 Sa
16 Su
17 M
18 Tu
19 W
20 Th
21 Fr
22 Sa
23 Su
24 M
25 Tu
26 W
27 Th
28 Fr
29 Sa
30 Su
31 M

Purchaser of new suburban home explains to wife that all the mud is only the frost coming out of the ground.

Seeds planted today will be scratched up by neighbor's chickens, 4th.
Wordy altercation with neighbor over range-rights of feathered herd.
Begin construction of wire fence at cost of \$12.30 enclosing suburban home.

Postoffice Department established, 1794, with large deficit.

"Billy" Sunday calls audience "miserable mutts," 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919 and 1920.

President of National League declares that best team will win pennant, 1916-99.

Ice Trust announces short supply and long price for ensuing heated term.
Foregoing information causes Delaware peach growers to announce complete failure of crop.

Late frost destroys Florida orange groves.

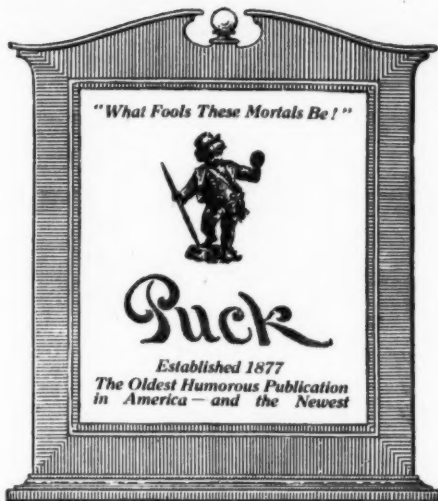
Americus Vespucci, 18 months old, is killed by speeding auto while playing leap frog in crowded thoroughfare.

Mayor declares that police must protect pedestrians at all costs.

First drowning of season, Coney Island, 1915-76.
Park Commissioner prepares to enforce "Keep Off the Grass" edict.

Office staff begins preparing mortality lists of grandparents.
Magazines issue usual "Summer Girl" numbers.

Wisconsin admitted to Union, 1848, creating undying fame for Stephenson family.
Orators spend day preparing addresses on patriotism.
Orators spend day delivering addresses on patriotism.



VOL. LXXVII. No. 1991. WEEK ENDING MAY 1, 1915

"THE LEGION OF ATONEMENT"

From a reader in Alabama, PUCK has received what it considers a remarkable letter; remarkable for the nature of the plan it proposes, and remarkable for the evident sincerity with which the proposal is made. It is no less than a suggestion that the convicts of the United States, men now serving sentences in the various penitentiaries, be formed into a military body for the national defense. Here is the letter:

To the Editor of Puck:

I notice you seemed concerned about the military situation of the United States. Here is a suggestion you might employ your excellent facilities to elaborate and make public.

In these United States we have three hundred thousand men of military age who can meet all the physical requirements of the service. Thoroughly disciplined and hardened, they would, undoubtedly, make serviceable soldiers. They are eager to enlist. They will require no training other than such as would be purely technical to learn to drill and to shoot.

These men are now in the several state and federal penitentiaries of the country, serving sentences of various lengths. Their present situation is one of misery. Their future prospect is not bright or reassuring. Why not open the door of hope for these wretched men by organizing a Legion of Atonement, and paroling all who wish to join. Let their parole be made a complete pardon when they are honorably discharged after five years more or less of satisfactory service.

I respectfully submit these men would be used for some such purpose as this if our country were now in such straits as Belgium is or Serbia, but they would then come to the service without the preparation that would make them effective, so why not enroll them and train them now, and so let the rainbow of hope bend over the horizon of their limbo?

Let us have a discussion of this proposal in an early number of your bright and progressive journal. If you think there is any good in the idea, thresh it out pro and con.

Respectfully,

GEORGE ALLEN THORNTON.

This proposition is of peculiar interest to PUCK. It is in line with numerous editorials that we have published on the subject of prison reform. It is in line with the whole modern zeal for making prison life not only a better influence in the life of the prisoner, but also more advantageous and profitable to the state. It is a proposal that merits serious consideration. If by means of the Legion of Atonement our prisoners can gain self-respect, and at the same time not only *feel* of use to the state, but *be* of use to the state, there will be a great step forward accomplished in the whole management of our delinquent classes.

The prisoners are now barred from useful constructive work in many states because organized labor complains, not without some justification, that they are unfair competition. Consequently, the prisoners are often put to

Puck



absolutely useless and humiliating tasks. The suggestion of Mr. Thornton will give them useful employment, and employment in a field that will increase their self-respect. It is unfortunate that we need an army at all—that is, an army in the military sense; but how could this army be better recruited than from the ranks of those who have shown themselves, although temporarily a burden on the state, anxious to reform and to be of use to it. And then a step farther, when the army of war is gradually transformed, as real civilization will without question transform it, into an army of peace, an army to deal with the national problems of irrigation, sanitation, and engineering, the prisoners can continue to form one branch of this army. For the time being, with our conscious, recognized need for a military defense, the first thing to do would be to drill these men in the requisites of a regular military army, to obey orders, and act as a unit; to hold straight and shoot straight. This is the training for them which Mr. Thornton suggests. It is a solution of the double problem of proper employment for delinquent classes, and of adequate defense for the nation—a solution that PUCK heartily endorses.

We would like to hear what the readers of PUCK, and especially those actively interested in prison reform, such men as Thomas Mott Osborne, have to say of the idea. Do they

think that the inmates of our prisons would be deaf to the appeal of patriotism? Do they think that the desire to "get even" with society would make them useless to their country in an emergency? If the new idea in prison management is to reclaim men rather than to crush them utterly, would it not be a fine thing to put the men on their own honor? Would not a service uniform, similar in some way to that of the United States Army, raise the morale of those who wore it and drilled in it?

PUCK would like to hear more, to learn more of what our earnest-thinking readers, and particularly those especially interested in prison reform think of the Legion of Atonement.

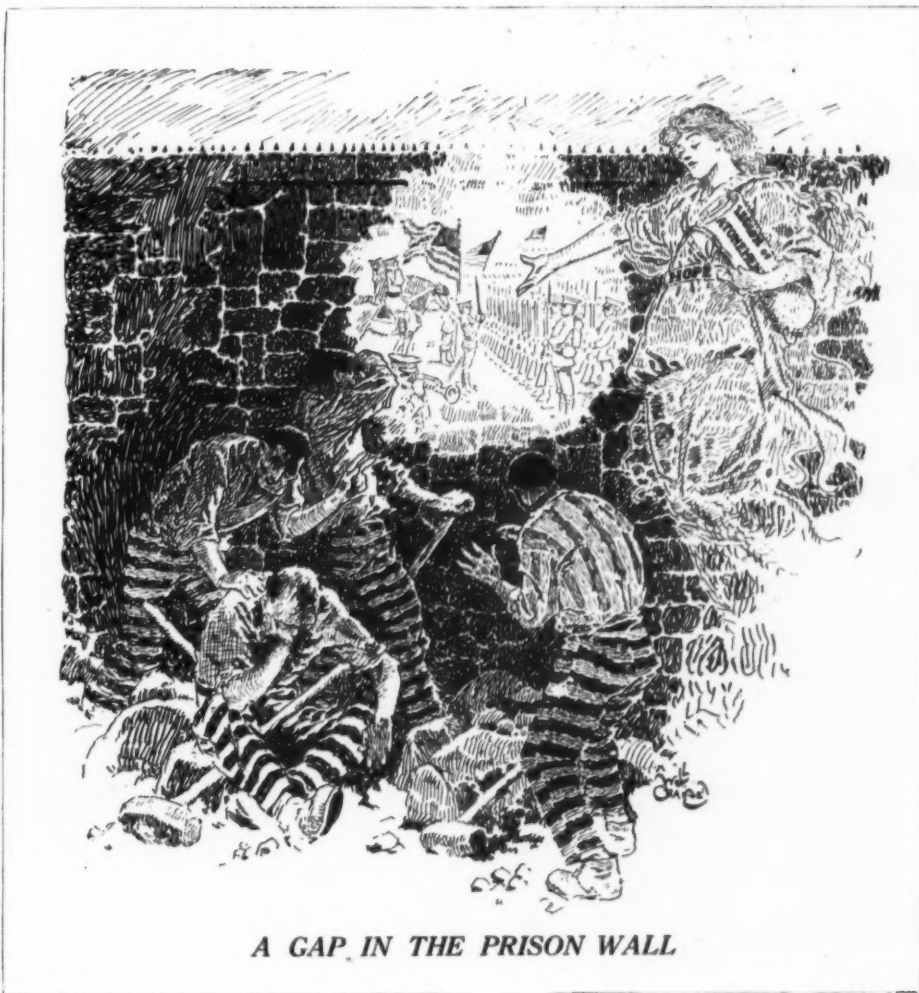
Col. Roosevelt probably would support Senator Borah if he were the nominee, but he is not favorable to Fairbanks of Indiana. —Washington wire.

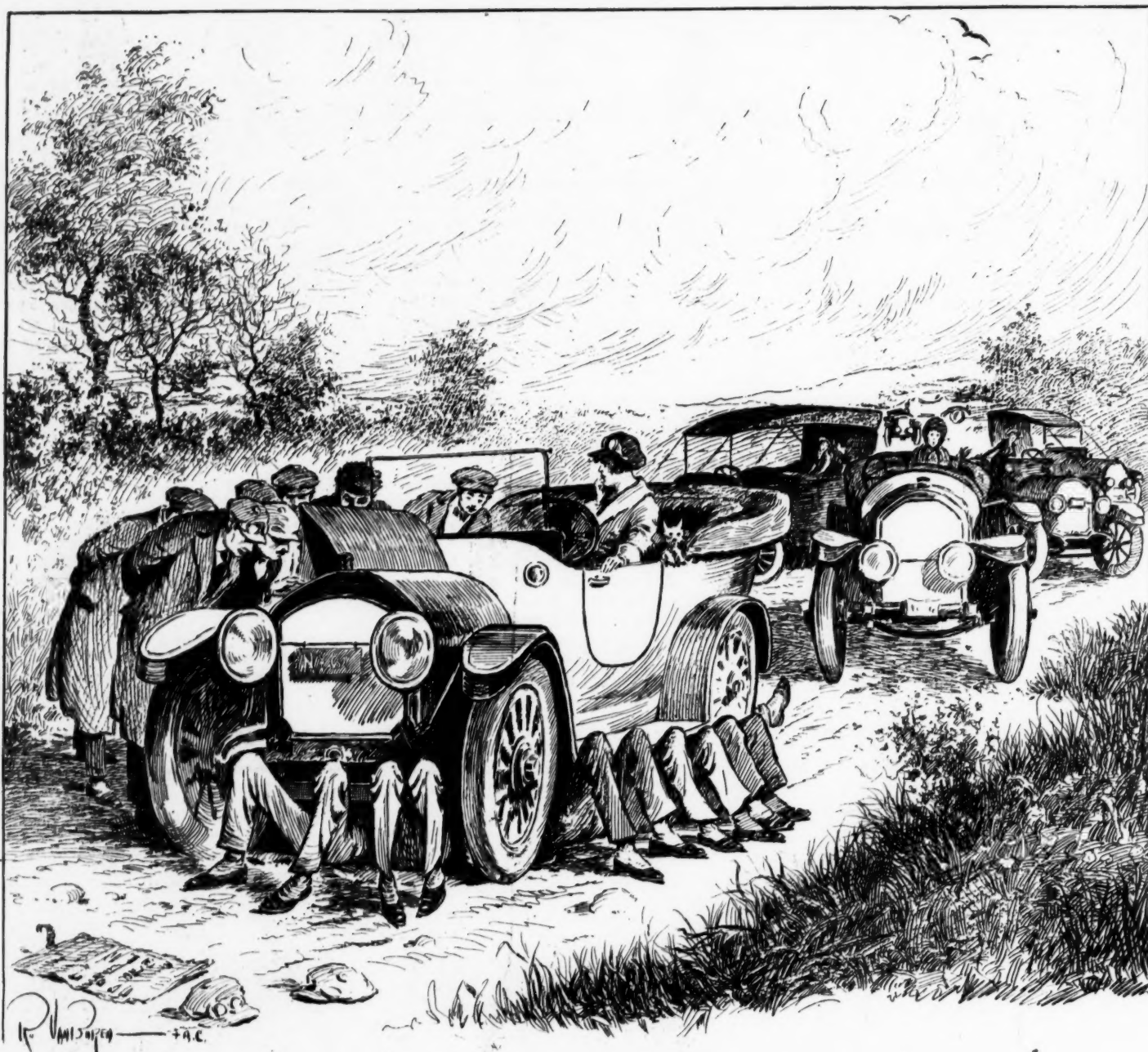
Not favorable to Fairbanks? Why, Fairbanks was the original "big stick."

The traditions of the drama are secure. They are beginning to throw eggs at moving-pictures.

"The superwoman must come before the superman. Where shall we find her?" —M. Jules Bois.

Wherever the best "values" are advertised. That's our guess.





BEAUTY IN DISTRESS

WELL? DO YUH?

ARGUMENT.—The Tired Business Man is explaining to You (if you understand what I mean) the right way to his suburban home.

T. B. M.: You see you get on the 12.15 train. It's called the Fairdale Express—(doubtfully) if you understand what I mean.

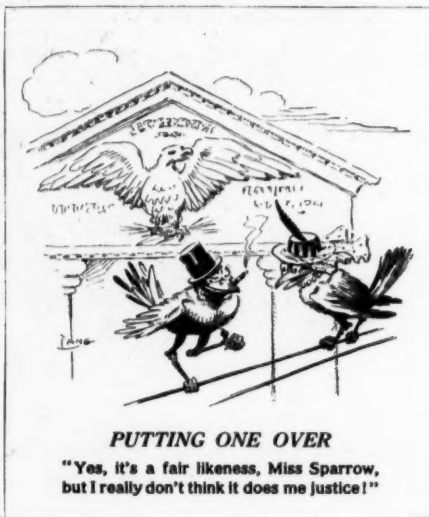
YOU: Yes.

T. B. M. (reassured): You get on the 12.15 Fairdale Express. But don't go all the way to Fairdale—if you understand what I mean. (You nod; conveying your profound belief that a human or near-human intelligence resides in your top story. Convinced for the moment the T. B. M. continues.) Get off two stations this side of Fairdale, at Grand Oaks—if you understand what I mean.

YOU (moved to speech by that stern relentless eye which insists on a verbal answer): I understand.

T. B. M.: All right. Get off at Grand Oaks and you'll see a street car line with the car standing there on the track—if you understand what I mean. (Reluctantly you admit you do.)

The car runs right past my house. All the conductors know me. You tell them you're going to my house and they'll let you out there—



if you understand what I mean. (Suspiciously.) Do you understand what I mean?

YOU: Y—yes—yes—sure—certainly.

T. B. M.: All right then. We'll expect you Saturday—if you understand what I mean. The wife 'll be glad to see you—if you understand what I mean. And, of course, we'll want you to stay till Monday morning—if—

At this point the unquestioned thing to do is to break the nearest chair over the unfortunate being's skull, at the same moment saying: "I want to let a little sunshine in—if you understand what I mean." But, of course, you won't do this. In all probability you will assume an ah-yes-at-last-I-get-you look and—

YOU: Thank you. You've made it very plain. The 12.15 Fairdale Express. Grand Oaks. Street car. Tell the conductor. All right. I'll be there. Yes, I understand what you mean.

DEFINED

WILLIE WILLIS: What's a "neutral," pop?
PAPA WILLIS: It is the punching-bag on which the belligerents practice between rounds.



What happened once when
I told a curious East Side mob
to move on

All Around The Town

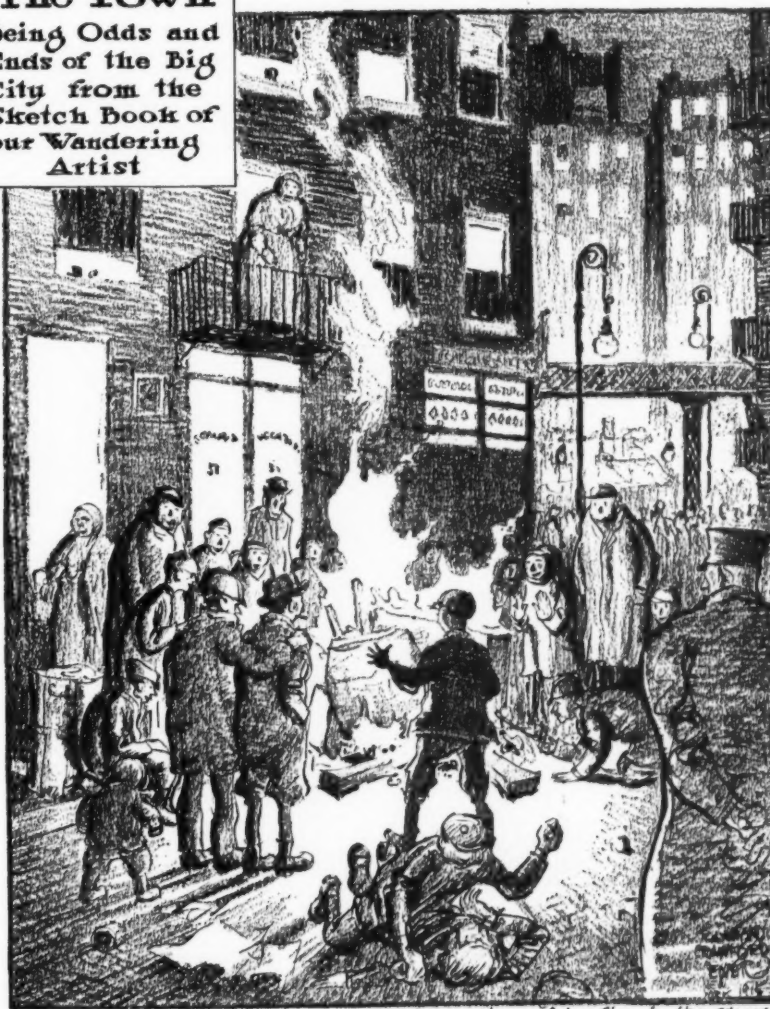
Being Odds and
Ends of the Big
City from the
Sketch Book of
our Wandering
Artist



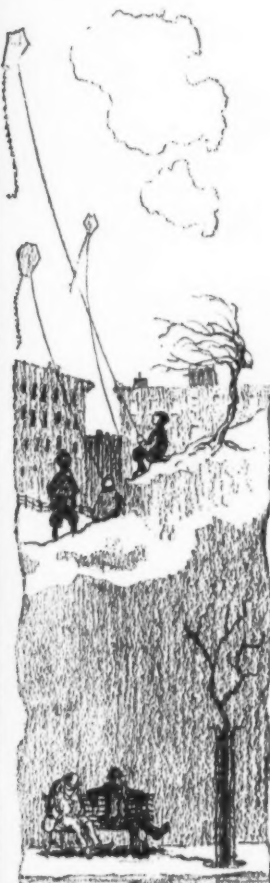
You can shell the
"sweet lavender" man's
stock a block away



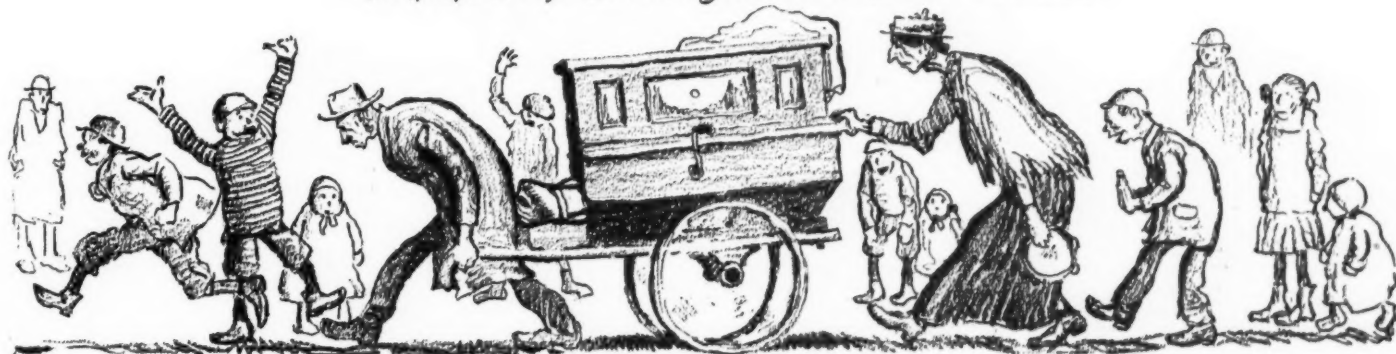
A note



The New York boys favorite night pastime—A bonfire in the street

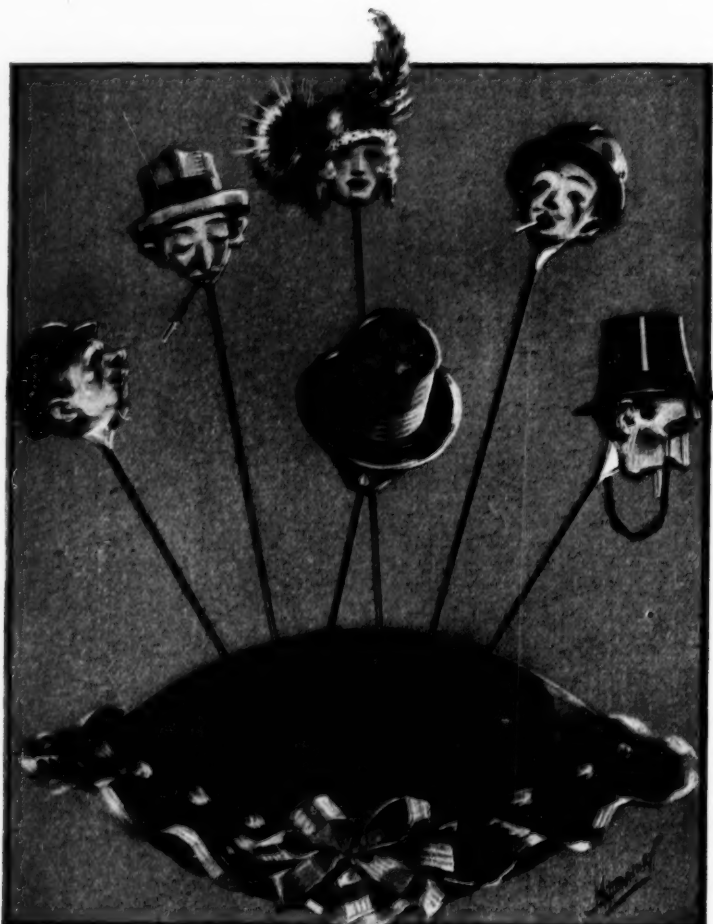


Kite time on the
Harlem cliffs



Signs of Spring

Drawn by R. C. EWER



PIN-HEADS

THE OBSTACLE

The moon shone tenderly down upon the radiant faces of the newly plighted lovers.

"I didn't suppose the world held so much happiness!" he whispered.

"And I never looked for love outside the pages of a dictionary!" she murmured.

A drifting cloud dimmed the moon and their lips met in a lingering kiss. It passed and revealed her beautiful eyes suffused with tears.

"My darling!" he cried in alarm. "Why this emotion?"

She burst into tempestuous sobs but with a supreme effort grew calm again, and in troubled silence they entered the ballroom.

"What could have made her act so?" thought the lover as he watched her pale face in the whirling crowd. Suddenly a horrible suspicion burst upon him.

"Can it be? Ah, Heaven!" he moaned. "Does she suspect? Has the one dreadful blemish on my otherwise spotless past come to her knowledge? Am I to lose my peerless one when I have known but once the ecstasy of holding her against my heart?" He



rushed blindly from the house and reaching his apartments gave way to a paroxysm of tears. At length he sank into an exhausted slumber.

"This cannot last!" he groaned next morning. "Another night like this would land me in a padded cell! I shall go to her and throw myself on her mercy."

He entered his loved one's drawing-room just as she reached it from the garden.

"You!" she wailed, dropping the roses from her arms. "Oh, I cannot bear to look at you!"

"But, darling," he expostulated, "this is cruel and inhuman! Why do you condemn me without a hearing? I beg you to let me explain!"

"Explain?" she cried, wildly. "It is I who must do that! Oh, to tell you the ghastly truth and deliberately confess that I don't belong to your set at all! To acknowledge that through all these beautiful weeks I have been nothing but a sham! It is terrible but you are too dear to me to be kept in ignorance! I shall tell you my fatal secret though it kill me! My love, I—"

"Hush!" he commanded, sternly. "Your disclosure must wait. I have a secret from you and all the world. I have no place in this glittering realm of fashion. Nevertheless, I shall tell you the truth and then leave you and all these glorious memories forever! Sweetheart"—he gulped, pitifully—"sweetheart, last August when I returned from Europe I came—"

"First-class!" they whispered in shocked unison.

THE INCOMPETENTS

In the Year 1790

"Neighbor, this country of ours is headed straight for the dogs. It will never get anywhere else so long as this man Washington is President. He's hopeless. He isn't big enough for his job. He's getting us deeper in the mire every day."

In the Year 1834

"Neighbor, this country of ours is headed straight for the dogs. It will never get anywhere else so long as this man Jackson is President. He's hopeless. He isn't big enough for his job. He's getting us deeper in the mire every day."

"But that's what they used to say about Washington when he was President."

"Oh, yes; but that was different."

In the Year 1862

"Neighbor, this country of ours is headed straight for the dogs. It will never get anywhere else so long as this man Lincoln is President. He's hopeless. He isn't big enough for his job. He's getting us deeper in the mire every day."

"But that's what they used to say about Washington and Jackson."

"Oh, yes; but that was different."

In the Year 1915

"Neighbor, this country of ours is headed straight for the dogs. It will never get anywhere else so long as this man Wilson is President. He's hopeless. He isn't big enough for his job. He's getting us deeper in the mire every day."

"But that's what they used to say about Washington, Jackson, and Lincoln."

"Oh, yes; but that was different."

In the Year 19—

"Neighbor, this country of ours is headed straight for the dogs. It will never get anywhere else while this man — is President. He's hopeless. He isn't big enough for his job. He's getting us deeper in the mire every day."

"But that's what they used to say about Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, and Wilson."

"Oh, yes; but that was different."



A LOW-BROWED INFERENCE

FUTURIST PAINTER: Here is a portrait of the woman I adore.

FRANK FRIEND: Yes? Then don't show me the portrait of anybody you hate.

DAUGHTER DIALOGUES—III

(Miss Inquisitive, considerably a-flutter, is taken by Father to lunch at his Favorite Restaurant, where Father is caught in the act of passing the head-waiter a bank-note.)

MISS INQUISITIVE: Father.

FOND MALE PARENT: Yes, daughter?

M. I.: I know that man.

F. M. P. (looking around the room): What man, daughter?

M. I.: That man you gave the money to when we came in.

F. M. P. (becoming interested): Indeed, my pretty Miss, and since when have you taken to dining out?

M. I.: Oh, I know him because his little girl goes to my school.

F. M. P.: And when did you ever see him?

M. I.: He often brings her to school in the morning in a big limousine—ever so much bigger than ours.

(Fond Male Parent becomes suddenly interested in his luncheon.)

M. I.: Father.

F. M. P.: Yes, daughter?

M. I.: Is this place like a theatre?

F. M. P.: Why, no, daughter; why do you ask?

M. I.: Well, then, why did you have to pay money to the man at the door to get in?

F. M. P.: You see, daughter, that's only a custom.

M. I.: Wouldn't he let us in if you didn't pay him?

F. M. P.: Well—er—yes; I guess he'd let us in all right.

M. I.: Then why—

F. M. P.: Now, never mind, daughter. The man needs the money.

M. I.: But, father, all the girls at school say his little girl is very rich.



TO THE MANNER BORN

STOUT PARTY: What a cute baby! Does um talk?
BROTHER: Sure! It's a girl.

F. M. P.: Then, perhaps, he gives it to the poor man who owns the hotel, daughter.

M. I.: Oh, doesn't he own the hotel?

F. M. P.: No, he lets some other man own it.

(Remainder of luncheon is passed in silence—until the score is settled and Father resumes temporary possession of his hat and coat.)

M. I.: Father.

F. M. P. (apprehensive): Yes, daughter?

M. I.: Didn't the gentleman give you back your own hat and coat?

F. M. P. (surprised—looks into his hat): Certainly, daughter.

M. I.: Then why did you have to pay him for them?

F. M. P.: I didn't pay him for them; I only gave him something for keeping them for me.

M. I.: Do you always have to do that, father?

F. M. P.: Yes, every day.

M. I.: Won't they let you take your hat and coat with you?

F. M. P.: No; the gentleman who owns the hotel doesn't like hats and coats in his dining-room.

M. I.: Do you give the man much every day, father?

F. M. P.: Oh, ten cents a day, my inquisitive miss.

M. I.: Father, how much is ten cents a day for a whole year?

F. M. P.: A little over thirty dollars, daughter.

M. I.: And does the man get all that for minding your hat, father?

F. M. P.: Yes, every bit of that.

M. I.: Father, how much does a hat cost?

F. M. P.: Five dollars, daughter.

Miss Inquisitive does some hard thinking. Finally:

M. I.: Father.

F. M. P.: Yes, daughter?

M. I.: When brother grows up, won't you let him work in a hotel?

A BIG UNDERTAKING

MISS SWEETTHING: When we are married we must have no secrets from each other. You must tell me everything.

MR. SAPHEDDE: But—er—really, I don't know everything.

PATERNAL SUGGESTION

"My dear, I think you are starting that child wrong."

"How so?" bristled the mother.

"Instead of all those narratives about little princesses who lived in golden palaces, why don't you include a few stories about little girls who helped their mothers with the housework?"



Oh! But That's Different

PROMINENT ANTIVIVISECTOR: Doctor, the boy's appendicitis is back again. I guess we'll have to let you operate this time.

DOCTOR: All right. And, of course, in deference to your well-known views we'll not take advantage of anything we have learned by animal experimentation. It'll be very easy. We can operate right in the bedroom, we won't need any antiseptics or sterile dressings, we can use one of your kitchen knives, and you won't have to bother to sterilize it. Cat-gut comes from animals, so we won't take the trouble to sew him up, unless you have an old bit of string around the house—

PROM. ANTI.: Er—that is—I think I'll just call somebody else to attend him, Doctor, if you're sure you won't mind!



THE EARNING POINT

(A Society Novel Warmed Over)

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Illustrated by Christy Montgibson Flagzell at \$5,000 per illustrate

CHAPTER I

*Slimette and Bona follow in the steps of
Dimette, Climette and Mimette*

Slimette and Bona arrived at Bill Saphead's palatial apartment in dressing gowns and unpacked their baggage, which consisted of loose kimonas, nighties and other near-nude garments.

"I'm glad we brought nothing dressy," said Slimette. "Bill Saphead will drop in on us unexpectedly in a few minutes and we should not have too many clothes on. Clothes do so obstruct the view of a double page pen and ink. My idea is that a nice girl should enter a magazine as she enters the bathroom—just enough on to avoid offending the country districts."

"You are right, sweetness," said Bona. "Drape yourself and look exactly like Dimette in the illustration on page forty-six of the June number, and Climette in the October number, and Mimette in the August number, 1914, while I go up on the roof and take off my stockings. If Bill drops in unexpectedly talk to him until I return."

"He is about due unexpectedly now," said Slimette. "What shall I talk about if he comes?"

"About a page and a half," said Bona meaningly. "Just leave enough room for my entrance before the next double-page illustration. Keep as close to the danger line as you can but never pass the turning point. Just give the readers the thought that they have a fighting chance for something improper in the next chapter."

"Shall I talk polo?" asked Slimette with a merry laugh.

"That will do," said Bona thoughtfully. "It sounds classy and makes a hit in Kalamazoo. Polo and auction bridge and parterres and *pate de fol gras* and porticos and Palermo. And, mind you, think up some new and shocking habit."

"Such as sucking lemon drops dipped in Peruna?"

"Yes," laughed Bona as she skipped up the fire-escape.

CHAPTER II

*Wherein everybody goes somewhere
else without knowing why*

"Dear old Bony," said Slimette, "she's getting bonier and bonier."

The door opened and Bill Saphead fox-trotted into the room. He grasped Slimette and fox-trotted her all over the place. Not until she bit him on the elbow did he drop her into a chair.

"Hello!" he said. "I thought you were the piano. You're a goll, ain't you? Jove, now! A goll in my rooms!"

"Are you—" gasped Slimette.

"William B. Saphead, of the Worthington-Billington Sapheads. Who are you and what are you doing here?"

"Twiddling my toes," giggled Slimette.

He glanced down. She was twiddling her toes—such pink toes!

"Bony is on the roof," said Slimette cheerfully. "We are two gurruls from the back counties of Kansas, come to

New York to teach New Yorkers how to newyork. We didn't expect you. We thought you were in Egypt hunting sphinxes. Why are you here? Must we go?"

"On my account? Don't mind me; I am only a dress suit and a pair of polo breeches. And puttees, of course. We can all live here like—"

"Like old clothes at a dry cleaners'," interposed Slimette. "Bony will love it. And we'll never, never go away!"



*Slimette and Bona arrived in
dressing gowns and un-
packed their baggage*



Christy MONTGIBSON FLAGZELL

"Never!" said Bill Saphead. "We will remain here forever. And now pack your toothbrush and your pajamas for we are off to Harmon Hardfist's Long Island overdone palace."

"Why are we going?" asked Bona, coming down the fire-escape feet first.

"Search me!" said Bill Saphead, and he laughed a bitter, bitter laugh.

CHAPTER III

*In which you get all worked up.
And for what?*

It was as Slimette had feared. The whole gang was there. Drunk as the dickens, too, most of them.

Harmon Hardfist's bungalow was, as Bill had hinted, overdone. It was in questionable taste. The knobs on the hitching-posts were solid emeralds. The walls of the Salon de Laundry were covered with Swiss cheese, the holes inlaid with real Patrasazza turquoise—some bungalow, as you will have guessed.

In some places where the wash lady had stolen the turquoise the holes were temporarily plugged with diamonds. The smoke-house, where rough old Harmon Hardfist still smoked his own ham, was built of petrified calves'-foot jelly, stained dull purple.

In smoking the hams, nothing but sandal-wood was burned, thus giving the hams a high-toned and sickening taste. No one but the *elite* could eat them, and neither could they. They tasted like pork chops boiled in musk.

Everywhere the same reckless striving for the ultra. Nothing simple and satisfying. Not a plug of tobacco anywhere. Not a spittoon. Nothing but people in pajamas gliding through dark halls. Nothing but regular society stuff.

"The horror of it," said Bill Saphead to Slimette, "is that something is always about to happen and it never does happen. I'm going to do something."

"Oh!" said Slimette with a delicious thrill.



CHAPTER IV

Bill Saphead has an idea and Bona sits around in her nightie

"I'm going to do something!" repeated Bill Saphead. "What are we here for if nobody ever does anything?"

"Sometimes," said Bona languidly, "I think the only reason we are here is because we are by a Well Known Name."

"I've got to do something," said Bill Saphead. "I'm going to do something wild, and thrilling and awful."

"What?" thrilled Slimette. It was wonderful to think someone was going to do something after all.

"I'm going to kiss the cook," said Bill brazenly.



"Such a foolish thing to do! To jump in the river! Why, your nightie is quite, quite wet!"

"Such spirit! Such nobleness of soul!" cried Slimette as Bill drew his puttee straps another notch tighter and strode toward the kitchen. "Bona, does it not fire you to your heart? Bona, I'm going to do something, too!"

But Bona only sat around and sighed. She was always sitting around and sighing like that—sitting around in nighties and kimonas and pajamas where Christy Montgibson Flagzell could do a double page of her.

CHAPTER V

In which Slimette threatens to do something awful

"Yes," said Slimette, "I will do something. Somebody must do something in this tale before long, heaven knows. The Middle West has been expecting it for chapter after chapter. If you, or I, or Bill doesn't do something awful before long, I'm going to—"

"Oh, not that!" exclaimed Bona.

"Yes, I am!" cried Slimette. "I'm going to put on all my clothes!" Bona only groaned. It was too awful.

"Don't, Slimmy, dear!" she begged. "Bill will do something. He may have already kissed the cook."

He came as she spoke.

"Did you kiss the cook?" Slimette demanded, poised like Diana for flight.

"He was a man-cook," said Bill suddenly, but already Slimette had sped away like an arrow.



She was twiddling her toes—such pink toes!

CHAPTER VI

Wherein the Middle Western subscriber gets offended good and plenty

From the direction of the river came a splashing sound and a scream. Even the languid Bona leaped up. Bill loped toward the scream. Slimette had at last done something! Something had happened in "The Earning Point!"

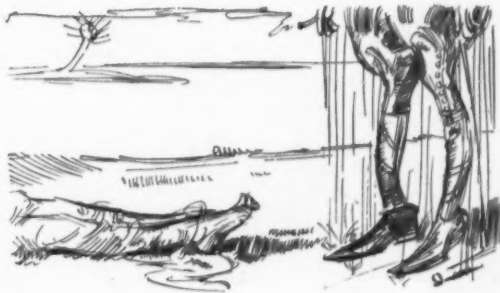
"But Slimmy!" cried Bona as she held Slimette's head in her lap; "such a foolish thing to do! To jump in the river! Why, your nightie is quite, quite wet!"

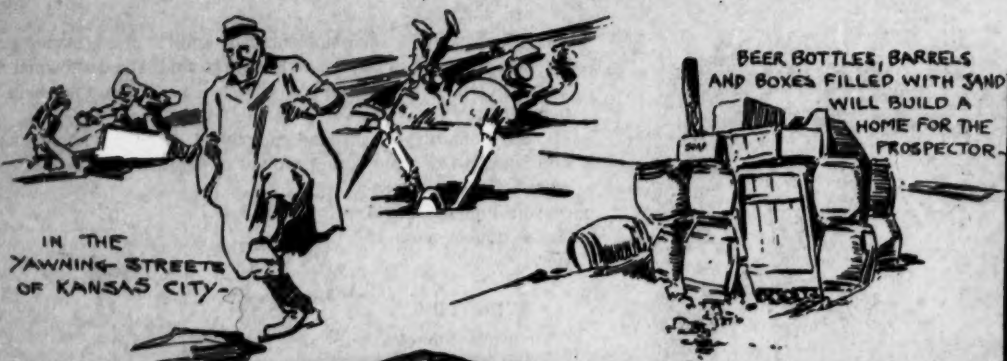
"It is soaking wet," said Slimette hysterically. "It is wetter than wet. I knew it would be wet. I am glad it is wet. I don't care who hears me say it—I'm glad it is wet."

"But, why—why, of all the things you might have done without offending the Middle Western subscriber, have you done this? Of all things, tell us why?"

"Because," said Slimette happily, "when my garb clings to me like this, Christy Montgibson Flagzell can get quite the same effect as if I were quite, quite nude."

Bill Saphead turned to the languid Bona, but she was languid no longer. With a glad cry she threw out her arms and went plash into the river.





IN THE
YAWNING STREETS
OF KANSAS CITY

YOU SEE HIM IN ALBUQUERQUE
AND LIKE THE LATE DOUGLAS
JERROLD YOU CANNOT RESIST
THE TEMPTATION OF ASKING:
"EXCUSE ME, BUT ARE YOU
ANYBODY IN PARTICULAR?"



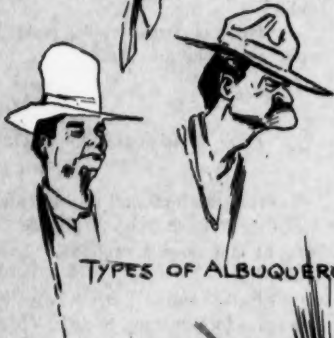
AND HE REPLIES: "I AM COL. FARLEY
WHO FIRED THE FIRST GUN AT FORT
SUMPTER. I DID NOT KNOW THEN
WHEN I FIRED THAT GUN THAT I
WAS PRESENTING THE SURVIVORS
OF THE UNION ARMY WITH PENSION
MONEY TO THE EXTENT OF AT LEAST
THREE BILLIONS."



THE PROSPECTOR



ONE OF
DENVER'S SIGHTS:
BUFFALO BILL -



TYPES OF ALBUQUERQUE



SOME PEOPLE, IN THEIR
ADMIRATION FOR THE BEAUTIES OF
NATURE, NEVER GET FURTHER THAN
THE GUIDE BOOK -

APPRECIATION
OF THE GRAND CANYON

"DAT'S NICE!"

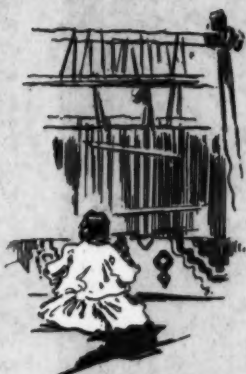
ON THE ROAD TO CA

(The first of a series of double pages made by Mr. Meyer on his rec



ROAD TO CALIFORNIA

de by Mr. Mayer on his recent trip to the two California Expositions.)



INDIAN LADIES
PREFER TO TRADE THEIR
HOMESPUN BLANKET FOR THE
MORE PLIABLE IMPORTED ARTICLE
AT THE RATE OF ONE TO FOUR.



THE MARCH OF
CIVILIZATION -

THE GARTER -



COWBOY WEARING
GOLD RIMMED SPECTACLES -



EVERY INDIAN TO BE SKETCHED OR PHOTOGRAPHED
HAS HIS PRICE -



IN LOS ANGELES -
HE: "HOW WONDERFUL THE PERFUME
OF THE ORANGE BLOSSOMS!"
SHE: "I THINK IT'S MORE LIKE
MARY GARDEN."

By HY MAYER

"The Doctor's Dilemma"

Granville Barker's Company produced "The Doctor's Dilemma," by Bernard Shaw, at Wallack's Theatre, near the close of last month. It was an excellent performance of a comedy new to us, though not as finished as was the revival at the St. James Theatre, London, in 1913—after seven years, during which Mr. Shaw did not excel this particularly entertaining piece. For one thing, the characters were better cast in the London revival. The medical men were as follows: J. D. Beveridge, as Sir Patrick Cullen; Arthur Whitby, as Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonnington (B. B.); Ben Webster, as the puzzled, unhappy Sir Colenso Ridgeon, and Leo Quartermaine, as Dr. Blenkinsop. Lillah McCarthy was again the Jennifer—Mrs. Dudebat—and the "Immoral" artist, Dudebat, was in the hands of Dennis Nelson-Terry, and the performance could hardly have been bettered. At Wallack's the cast was Ian MacLaren, Lionel Brahman, O. P. Heggie, Edgar Kent, Wright Kramer—capital as Dr. Schutzmacher—and Nicholas Hannen, as Louis Dudebat. Miss McCarthy (Mrs. Barker) was admirable in her old part. It was a clever, though not impeccable, interpretation throughout. The characterization often borders on caricature. All the old rancors of the author concerning the medical profession and the "artistic temperament" are in full force. Mr. Shaw has said that the romantic temperament is the old maids' temperament. Certainly he is cattish enough for a dozen soured "old maids" (a type now as extinct as the Dodo). He has been likened to Mollere, but the great Frenchman is never peevish. Shaw emits peevish remarks about vivisection, vaccination, drugs, and he doesn't miss Christian Science. All his fads are trotted out before the footlights to bow their prettiest. We recognize them as old, if not valued, acquaintances. To be sure, like antique gags, they seem stale. But the play is one of the best, if not the best, as regards construction, thus far vouchsafed to us by G. B. S. The dying scene (of which much balderdash has been written on the score of its irreverence) may seem too long; but if it holds the attention it is not too long. The epilogue is a bore, therefore superfluous. I like "The Doctor's Dilemma" better than I do "Fanny's First Play," which latter, despite its often witty dialogue, peters out after the introduction. It is "low-brow," and written for a Cockney audience. It is more old-fashioned than "Caste," and again demonstrates the playwright's belief that to assault a policeman, especially if you are of the "tender" set, is to achieve the heroic. The frame of the play is the only artistic excuse for the picture. Bernard Shaw is the "Homals" of the modern English drama. His banal "philosophy," his airs of mysterious profundity, and his solemn belief in the absolute originality of George B. Shaw vividly recall his prototype in the Flaubert novel. Naturally, Shaw has a Celtic wit, which Homals did not possess, and that saves him; nevertheless, the famous apothecary in "Madame Bovary" was not without a modicum of humor. Certainly, he would have applauded "The Doctor's Dilemma."

The Real Shaw?

What is the real Shaw? I once wrote: "We wonder what sort of drama this Hibernian would have produced if he had been a flesh-eater instead of a vegetarian? If he is so brilliant on bran, what might he not have accomplished on blood? One thing is certain—at the cosmical banquet, where Shaw sits is the head of the table (for him)." Two decades ago, when Bernard told a gaping world that he was only a natural-born mountebank, with a cart and a trumpet, a sigh of relief was exhaled in artistic London. So many had been taking him seriously, and swallowing his teachings, preachings, and pronouncements, that to hear the merryman was only shamming came as a species of liberation from a cruel obsession. And it proved The



THE SEVEN ARTS
BY JAMES HUNEKER

There is but one Karl Marx, and I am his only prophet. (Later he dropped Marx out of his philosophic scheme.) Shakespeare must go; also Ibsen—I am the ruler. Wagner is a Fabianite, 'The Ring of the Nibelungs' proves it. I am the living witness for Nietzsche—though I've left him in the rear of the procession, of which I am the head. I will teach children to renounce love of their parents; parents to despise their offspring; husbands to hate their wives; wives to loathe their husbands, and brothers and sisters will raise warring hands after my words have seared their souls. Whatever is, is wrong. The prostitute classes—I do not balk at the ugly word—doctors, lawyers, politicians, journalists, and clergymen are deceiving you. They speak in divers, lying tongues. I, alone, possess the supreme prophylactic against the evils of existence!" Words to this effect were his, and all the public—which is always fooled all of the time, no matter the belief to the contrary—rose to the bait of "modernity," bit, was hooked, and landed in this fisherman's basket—or box-office.

But Shaw had only removed another of his innumerable masks. He is a great comedian, and a versatile. He has spoken through so many masks that the real Shaw is yet to be seen. Perhaps on his deathbed some stray phrase may illuminate with its witty gleam the true value of his soul. Or is his a cork soul? He has played tag with this soul so long that some of it has been lost in the game. When will the last mask be lifted—and will it, when lifted, reveal the secret? A master hypnotist, perhaps he may be, illuding us with the mask idea. In a great, though unwritten play, Robert Chambers makes one of its characters exclaim: "What, no mask, Camilla!" Is St. Bernard also Camilla? And what a comical thing it would be to find him smiling at the end, and calmly, like his own Louis Dudebat, remarking: "I fooled you, Brethren!" In his many roles, one trait has obstinately remained—that of irresistible waggery. Yet, sadly do I suspect it. What if this declaration of charlatanism were but a mask. What if he really meant to be sincere. What if his assumption of insincerity were not sincere. His sincerity insincere. The very idea confuses. Joke of all jokes, I really imagine that in private life Shaw is a sentimentalist, and that was so romantic, so sentimental in youth, that his present sentiments are only their inversion. Swift's hatred of mankind was an inverted lyricism; and Flaubert's, too. Fancy Shaw secretly weeping over "Jane Eyre," or dandling a baby on his lean knees, or—richest of all fancies—occasionally eating sausages and drinking bitter beer. Tolstol, despite his

Importance of being Bernard. Almost without paying the customary critical toll, he had slipped into England, duty-free, all manners of foreign damnable doctrines. Thus, Proudhon, Marx, Lassalle, Ibsen, Wagner, Nietzsche, and a lot of free-thinkers in socialism, philosophy, and art, walked unmolested through the pages of critical reviews, while George Moore was pilloried for advocating naturalism, and Vizetelly, the publisher, was sent to prison for translating Zola. What a choral of groans, objurgations, exclamations of horror, and blasts of puritanical cant Shaw escaped—at that particular time. After his novels came the criticism, and then the plays. The prefaces to the latter are literature, and will be read with joy when the plays are stale; in them the author has distilled the quintessence of Shaw; while in the plays we find the old Shaw masquerading behind the footlights. He is still the preacher, Fabian debater, socialist, vegetarian, lycanthrope, hater of anything that remedies the ills of mankind. But the essay was too remote from the audience he was after. The wily Celt mounted the rostrum and blarneyed his hearers in this fashion: "Here's my hustings; from here will I teach, preach, and curse the conventions of society. Come all ye who are weary of the property fallacy!

(Continued on page 20)

AN ALL-STAR TRAGEDY

William Jones was one of "the common people." He worked for a public service corporation and he wore a uniform. He went out early in the morning and he came home late at night every day except Sunday; on Sunday he didn't come home quite so late at night. Breaking it gently, William Jones worked seven days a week, and often wished that there were eight so that he could make both ends come somewhere near meeting. To William the cost of living was something more than a subject for academic argument.

One day William's wife—oh yes, he was married; he married when beef was cheaper—came to him and said that something would have to be done.

"We simply can't get along on your pay, Bill," she said. "Everything's gone up in price something fierce, and I don't know what we're going to do."

"Don't worry, kid," replied William Jones, "maybe I'll get a raise before long, or be promoted."

Privately, he didn't think there was much chance of it, but he was a good fellow, this Bill Jones, and he didn't like to see his wife cast down. It was a surprise to him, a big surprise, when his own particular boss sent for him one day and said:

"Jones, I've had my eye on you for some time, and I'm convinced that you're making good. You're the sort of a man the company wants in its employ. You have brains and you are not afraid to use them. You are loyal to the company's interests. You are not a shirk; you do your work just as well when no one is watching you as you do when you know you are observed. You are courteous to the public, and that in these days is very important. In fact, Jones, you have been faithful in the little things which go to make up the total of the big things. We have decided to promote you, to reward you, Jones."

William was on the point of thanking the Boss in a few ill-chosen words, when the high-priced executive held up his hand and checked the interruption.

"To-morrow you will have been in the service of the company ten years," he went on, impres-



THE CHURCH SOCIAL

FIND THE WEALTHIEST MEMBER OF THE CONGREGATION

sively; "beginning to-morrow, you will be entitled to wear three gold stars on each sleeve and a gold bar on your coat collar."

There was an eloquent pause.

"Is that all, sir?" then said William.

"That is all," said the Boss, smiling. "I congratulate you on your promotion. You're an honor man."

* * * * *

CHAPTER XXXVIII

William Jones did not go to the asylum right away. He went dippy gradually, by easy stages as it were. His wandering mind first made itself evident when he proposed to his wife that instead of paying real money to the butcher and the grocer and the coal man and the landlord, they

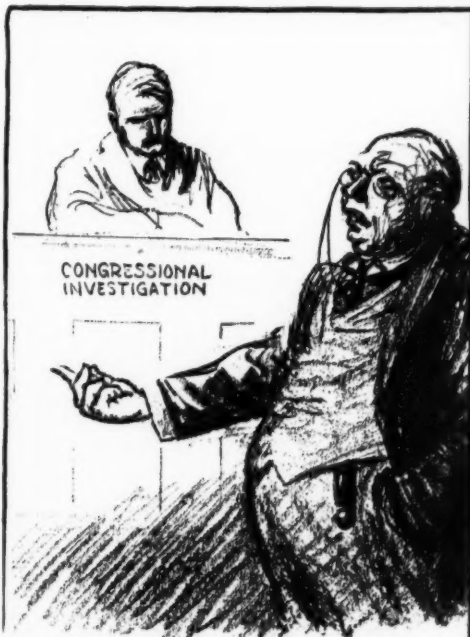
settle the accounts of these troublesome persons in a simpler and more economical way.

"Get some little gold stars," said William, "and when the grocer wants his money give him a little gold star and tell him to sew it on his coat sleeve. Every month give him another star, and when he wears twelve gold stars it will be a sign that we haven't paid him for a year and that he's an honor man."

William Jones went quickly after that. He saw stars in everything, all the time, and at last they had to put him away. He is perfectly harmless, is William Jones, and the keepers say he never gives them any trouble.

William's pet delusion is that his coat-sleeve is the Milky Way. He says it means he has been with the company ten million years.

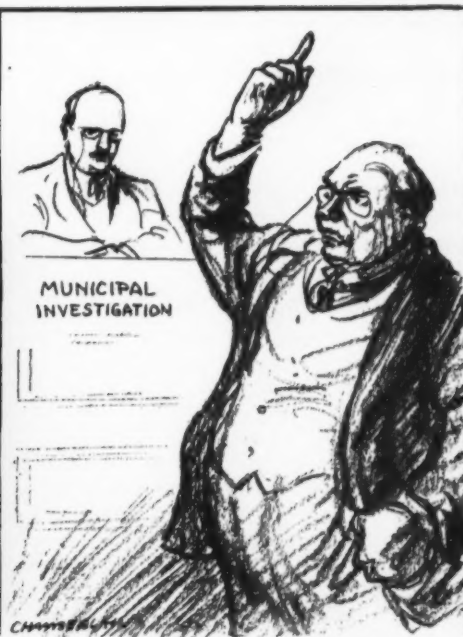
OUR CONVENIENT FORM OF GOVERNMENT



"This investigation is a direct infringement of State rights."



"This is a purely local matter in which the State has no jurisdiction."



"This is no concern of a city government. It is a federal matter."

Ruck



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

In Idaho a bill was filed
To do away with tipping;
The people of this varied clime
Are joyously la gripping.
Jess Willard's moving picture rights
And lefts are worth a fortune;
King George said he
Would stop at tea,
And Hungary is scorchin'.



The hoop skirt may roll in again,
According to a rumor,
Which gives the wits a chance to pull
Some ante-bellum humor.
However, bathing suits will still
Be worn by summer sirens;
We noticed quite
A dash of white
In Gotham and environs.

The verdant Verdure, justly famed,
Is here beyond all doubting;
In Nature's more bucolic parts
The cabbages are sprouting.
A lady leaped into the sea
To bathe before she oughter;
A lobster rose
And nipped her toes,
And now she shuns the water.

The aero-tango is the last
Development in dancing—
You dance it on a tightrope, which
Will never set us prancing.
Old Sol developed two new spots—
We fear he has the measles;
The Futurists
Now use their fists
To decorate their easels.

A pushmobile was held to be
A wagon, not a weakness;
D. Rum in moral Michigan
Was voted into meekness.
It seems that elevators thrived
When Nero was a Roman;
The Russian boot
Is scarcely cute,
And Joffre whacked the foeman.



CARRATHIANS

The suffrage ladies, far and wide,
Are planting yellow flowers;
The Antis hope that there will be
A dearth of summer showers.
The Illinois railroad trains
Have women ticket punchers;
Square meals now swarm
In tablet form
For hasty business lunchers.



Bill Sunday's hymns, turned inside out,
Make lovely one-step numbers—
They've almost shaken Quakertown
From her accustomed slumbers.
A husband sued his wife because
Her pancakes roused his anger;
Sir Bryan wrote
Another note,
And we are filled with languor.

On the Other Hand—

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

The issue of victory and defeat in the great war depends on the following factors: Leadership, Morale, Equipment, Total Abstinence. Below we give a digest, from our leading war correspondents, of the situation in respect to these fundamental questions. The reader is thus enabled to decide how soon the war will end and who will win.

1.—PERSONALITY OF LEADERS. (a). "My first glimpse of the Kaiser assured me that here was a man born to sway the souls of a people and lead them to victory. Tall, lithe, electric, with piercing eyes that read the secret of your soul at a glance, curt in phrase, sparing in gesture—he convinced me from the first that the German nation had found its leader in the hour of crisis."

(b). "When you see Joffre, you know you are in the presence of a leader of men. He is below the medium height and weighs two hundred and fifty, but a glimpse is enough to reveal the fiery spirit that animates the mass. His eyes are those of a poet, limpid, dreamy, his voice is soft, his gestures are almost feminine, but in these very qualities lies the secret that accounts for the victory of the Marne."

(c). "Von Hindenburg is every inch the soldier. His bulk is enormous, his face square hewn, his chin like granite. He has very little to say. He eats heartily but not to excess, considering the weight of his responsibilities. He says little. But there is no need for speech. When you look at him you understand the battles of the Mazurian Lakes and the quarter of a million Russian prisoners."

(d). "Just a glance at George V as he made his way amidst the cheers of the men in the trenches and you understand why these men are resolved not to see England again until Belgium is cleared of the enemy and the Kaiser has paid the price for Louvain. King George is below the medium height and walks with a stoop. The expression in his eyes is enigmatic rather than blinding. But from him there emanates a sense of vibrant energy and determination that bodes ill for the Kaiser's new army corps."

2.—MORALE. (a). "I have spent an hour with the French in the trenches near Soissons. Gallic verve and gaiety marked every one of the fifty men in the water-soaked ditch. The people in Paris sixty miles away were nervous. Here it was holiday. They rolled their Virginia cigarettes and greeted the German shells with a nonchalant 'Bon jour, M. le Boche.' One of them turned

to me and said in perfect English: 'What do you know about that?' Before the war he was a waiter at Mouquin's. Against this type of fighter the Kaiser's legions will only dash themselves in vain. When I left the trench the words of a merry chorus from Montmartre accompanied me. It was the spirit of France."

(b). "As I followed the corporal through the muck and filth of that human warren before Arras, I could hear the men whisper 'Amerikaner!' and a voice, in the rich Bavarian accent, greeted me with a guttural 'Go to it, son.' Later I learned that he owned a large delicatessen store in Chicago, but had left home and

United States Steel Corporation at Pittsburgh and was a faithful attendant at the Sunday revival meetings, being converted three times. In him I saw typified the new Russia with whom the Kaiser must reckon before the dream of a Germanic mastery in Europe becomes a fact."

3.—EQUIPMENT AND NUMBERS. (a). "Every man in the trench was provided with a heavy storm coat, perfect boots, knitted cap, and woolen mittens. Let me tell the American public that if they take any stock in the stories of German exhaustion they have a surprise coming. I have never seen five million men so well taken care of as this half company of German infantry in the Alsatian trenches."

(b). "There were 150 German prisoners in the concentration camp which the courtesy of the French general staff enabled me to visit. They were despondent and utterly sick of fighting. There are two million German prisoners in France who are of the same mind. The lesson is obvious."

(c). "I have never seen a better-equipped army than that Russian battalion on the banks of the Bzura. Heavy storm coats, comfortable boots, woolen caps with earflaps, heavy mittens; imagine four million Russians from the Baltic to the Carpathians so well looked after and the problem that confronts Von Hindenburg is realized. There were three machine guns in that particular trench. The officer of the general staff who acted as guide assured me they had twenty thousand more machine guns to try out against the Germans and Austrians."

4.—ABSTINENCE. (a). "My informant, the captain of chausseurs, called my attention to the gay spirits of his *piolus*, as he fondly called them. He said it was due to the suppression of liquor. Within a week after Parliament voted out absinthe the average number of hits per hour scored by the men in the trenches had increased from twenty to thirty-five and the effective range of rifle fire had risen from 800 to 1,200 yards."

(b). "Sir John French told me that the effect of the King's exclusion of wine from the royal palaces had been instantaneous. The men now stood a twenty-four hours stretch in the trenches instead of twelve hours and the number of motor lorries in the transport department had nearly doubled."

(c). "Captain Borowitch pointed out that since the suppression of vodka, savings bank deposits had risen from three hundred million rubles to nearly two billions. He told me many more interesting facts as we chatted over our whiskey and soda at the Cafe Europe."



A WAR PROBLEM

"Oh, dear, I've run all out of mauve! Do you think the soldier would mind if I finished his sock in cerise?"

fortune at the first call from the Kaiser. That night there was a concert in the trenches, and when I left they were singing 'O Tannenbaum,' as though the French were not within a hundred yards from their own trenches. A nation like that will never bow to defeat."

(c). "Stumbling through the mire and slime of a typical Russian road, I ran into a company of Siberian Rifles, on the way back from the trenches after forty-eight hours on duty. They were singing lustily. One of the men, recognizing my American-made Irish rainproof, dropped out of line and said 'Give my regards to Billy Sunday.' Before the war he worked for the

The Puppet Shop

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Illustrations by RALPH BARTON



"I wonder if it's really true that he wears an onyx bracelet"

The American Drama of Ideas

The American "drama of ideas," of which we from time to time hear so much, may be said to be grounded, by and large, on the fourteen following irrevocable principles:

1. The idea that every American traveling in a foreign land, however fragrant and beautiful, cherishes an overpowering desire immediately to return to the little town in Illinois whence he came.
2. The idea that the mere thought of one's mother is sufficiently puissant to make one see the error of one's ways and repent.
3. The idea that Irish servant girls are always funny.
4. The idea that German servant girls are even funnier.
5. The idea that dowagers are always stout, haughty creatures inflamed with a penchant for raising the supercilious lorgnette.
6. The idea that, in military life, sergeants are always low comedy characters with reddish side-burns and with a fondness for liquor.
7. The idea that all poor girls are virtuous.
8. The idea that all mothers are habitually pensive and sad.

9. The idea that when a young man proposes marriage to a girl, he always shuffles his feet, fools with his cuffs, and stammers.

10. The idea that the back wall of a tenement room always has some of the plaster missing in the upper left hand corner.

11. The idea that whenever a villain succeeds in getting hold of a hero's revolver, and, subsequently, after taunting the hero, essays to shoot him, the villain is always frustrated through the fact the hero has had the preliminary caution either to remove the cartridges or load the gun with blanks.

12. The idea that an audience has enough imagination to imagine, when the curtain is lowered for ten seconds during an act, that twenty years elapse.

13. The idea that a married woman who poses for a portrait invariably gets into some sort of amorous trouble with the artist.

14. The idea that the play is worth two dollars.

So far as I am able to make out, moving pictures seem to be based largely on the theory that all men who wear Prince Alberts are villains. In real life, of course, any man who would wear a Prince Albert would have to be a hero.

Art, true enough, knows no frontiers. Art is one thing, patriotism a thing quite apart. Yet one cannot help wondering what Americans would have said of Granville Barker's method of staging shown at Wallack's Theatre had Granville Barker been — an American.

A doctor's life is not a happy one. And there are few who envy him. But, after all, there is one very pleasant and enviable thing about the medical profession. A doctor is often summoned over the 'phone and has to leave the theatre before the performance is over.

It is more important for an actor to have a dimple in his chin than to be able to speak the English language.

Dramatic critics are always amusing — sometimes intentionally.

Fortune no longer knocks at a man's door. She merely sends him a typewriter and tells him to get busy on a bad play.



The idea of "the American abroad"



The idea of "the pensive mother"



The idea of "the woman and the artist"

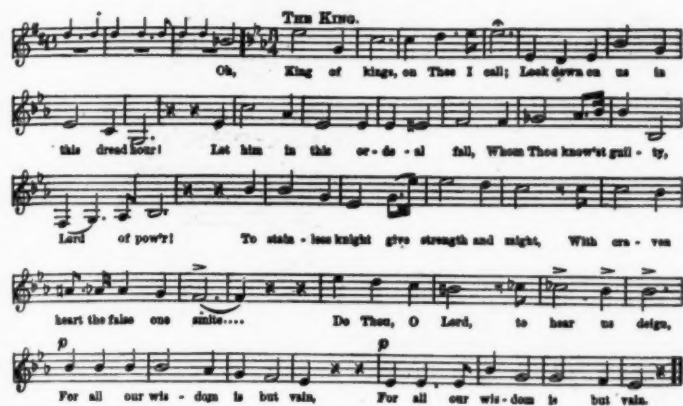
DERIVATIONS

First-Nighter.—From *Furst* (German for "prince") and the English word *nitre* (KNO₃: a chemical used in the manufacture of gunpowder); hence, a prince of gunpowder, or, in simpler terms, someone who makes a lot of noise.

Manager.—From the Anglo-Saxon word "manger," the "a" having been deleted in order that the word might be shortened, and so used more aptly for the purposes of swearing. *Manager* thus comes from "manger," something which provides fodder for the jackasses in the stalls.

AT THE OPERA

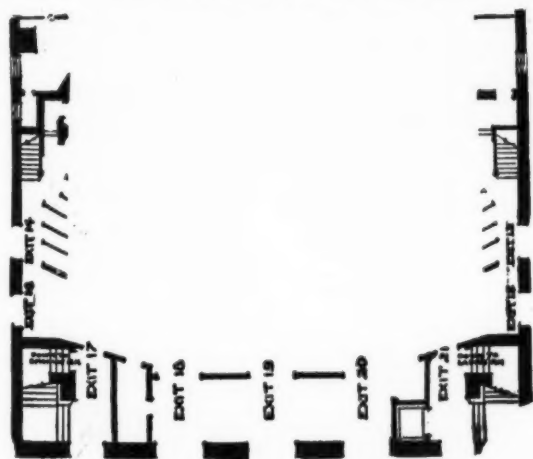
ONE OF THE SONGS:



THE NOBLE THOUGHTS IT INSPIRES IN THE WOMEN'S HEADS:

I wonder if that one in pink in the third box is Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, and if that's Harry Lehr with her, and if it's really true that he wears an onyx bracelet, and that he invented the lulu-fado that Mrs. Castle dances so divinely in that lovely gray chiffon frock designed by Lucile, and if that woman in white in the middle box is Mrs. Astor, and if that's Vincent sitting back of her?

THE NOBLE THOUGHTS IT INSPIRES IN THE MEN'S HEADS:



Indignation.—An emotion which the actor or actress must invariably portray by jumping up from the chair in which he or she has been seated.

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

1. A professional dancing couple that has not appeared, by special invitation or otherwise, before the King and Queen of England.
2. A moving-picture hero who does not wear sleeves rolled up to the elbow and leather leggings.
3. A play with a heroine who has to wear glasses.
4. An orchestra chair next to your own which does not contain a fat lady who fans herself noisily with a programme throughout most of the play.
5. An innocent-looking ingenue.
6. An actor or actress, who, being called upon by his or her role to play the piano, is able to play the piano, and not merely go through the motions while the piece is played off stage.
7. Trees which grow straight up in the air, and whose boughs therefore fail to form an arch across the proscenium.
8. A musical comedy comedian who, upon being told he isn't facially attractive, does not remark: "But they say I was a handsome baby."

In writing to advertisers, please say "I saw it in Puck."



© H. H. Co.

16 Years of Improvement

Have Made Holeproof Hose Silky, Soft and Lightweight

Three pairs of the silk are guaranteed three months—six pairs of the cotton are guaranteed for six months. If any of the pairs fail in that time we will replace them with new hose absolutely free.

Here's why we can do it:
We use the best materials—Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarns, costing an average of 71c per lb. Common yarns sell for 29c.

Our silk hose are made from pure Japanese thread silk.
Our inspection cost alone—just

to see that each pair is perfect—amounts to \$60,000 yearly.

Yet these hose cost you the same as the common kinds.

In fact, because Holeproof wear longer than others, they are the least expensive hose on the market.

The genuine is sold in your town. Ask for dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book that tells all about these hose.

Men's, 25c per pair and up; women's, 35c per pair and up; children's, 35c per pair.

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Milwaukee, Wis.
Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada
Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, Eng.

End That Suspense!

A dollar bill, pinned to this coupon, properly filled out, enters your name on Puck's subscription list for the next three months.

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION

Enclosed find one dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26) for which send PUCK, for three months, to

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY AND STATE _____

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION
301 Lafayette Street, New York City

PUCK'S DIRECTORY
of
New York's
DRAMATIC
OFFERINGS



CANDLER Theatre, West 42nd St., n'r
B'way. Tel. Bryant, 6344.
Evenings 8.20 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.20

BIGGEST HIT IN 25 YEARS

COHAN & HARRIS present
(by arrangement with Arthur Hopkins)

THE NEW PLAY "ON TRIAL"
By E. L. Reizenstein Seats 8 weeks ahead

GEO. COHAN'S Theatre, B'way, 43d St.
M. Evs 8.15 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15

SEE THE NEW FARCE
IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE
AND LAUGH TILL YOU GASP

FULTON W. 46th Street. Evs 8.20
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2.20

MANAGEMENT H. B. HARRIS ESTATE

TWIN BEDS

By Margaret Mayo
and Salisbury Field

SELWYN & CO.'S
LAUGH FESTIVAL

ELTINGE 42d St. W. of B'way. Evs 8.15
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2.15

A. H. Woods presents an American Play in 5 Acts

THE SONG OF SONGS

By Edward Sheldon. Based on the novel
by Herman Sudermann

With John Mason, Thomas A. Wise, Others

WINTER GARDEN B'way and
50th Street
Evs at 8 Matinees Tues., Thurs. and Sat. at 2

MAID IN AMERICA

THE WINTER GARDEN'S
SUPREMEST SENSATION

REPUBLIC West 42nd St. Evs. 8.20
Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.20

JOHN CORT PRESENTS
(By arrangement with Lauffer & Bratton)
a new three-act drama

THE NATURAL LAW

By Charles Sumner

The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 14)

vegetarianism, was given to midnight raids on the family larder for beef and vodka; at least, so a governess tells us in her backstairs gossip. Shaw demands the truth at all hazards; his habit of veracity, like that of Greger Werle's (in Ibsen's "Wild Duck"), is shocking. He dips his victims into a bath of muriatic acid, and pretends to be surprised at their screams and wriggings. "But I don't want to hear the truth," yells the victim, as he limps back to his comfortable lies. Lies, however, are necessary to preserve the World-Illusion. Shaw doesn't believe this. He tells the truth—as he conceives it—about the great war, and wounds the sensibilities of an entire nation; yet he doesn't care; courage, that is, moral courage, he possesses. When Czolgosz assassinated President McKinley, Mr. Shaw called the young fanatic the bravest man in America—which is decidedly gazing at facts through an inverted opera-glass. With an artist's brain he stifles the artist's soul in him. With all his liberalism he can't be liberal to liberalism—as Gilbert Chesterton so neatly puts it. Underdone beefsteak, old Scotch ale, a good pipe, and Montaigne are what he most needs. With such a regimen his inhumane criticism of poor stumbling mankind might be tempered by mercy.

In the Art World

I have just discovered that I am not a cubist. I had suspected my sincerity for several years, after a course of optical tortures at the Autumn Salon, Paris. But my absolute ignorance was brought home to me the other day in such a manner that the illusion, slight as it was, has quite vanished. I had gone into the Photo-Secession Gallery, at 291 Fifth Avenue, to congratulate Alfred Stieglitz on his latest issue of *Camera Work*, crowded with flattering messages about his splendid propaganda for the new art, and also to admire the charming designs of John Marin. Then my eye fell on a perfectly stunning design of Marius de Zayas. It was planetary in its suggestion; or the basaltic foundation of some new, strange world—the power of evocation through sheer linear patterns. I said this to comrade Alfred, and he mysteriously whispered: "Yes, it's a superb portrait, and we suspect who it is." A portrait! And I thought of a cosmos. I sneaked away. I was not a cubist after all. Lo and behold! in a brilliant publication for March coming from the Photo-Secession, and entitled "291," the secret is divulged. The starry geometrical wonder resolves itself into a portrait of "291, throwing back its forelock"; in a word, the portrait of the only Alfred Stieglitz, as interpreted by the gnomish vision of De Zayas. I'll never dare to look Stieglitz in the face again without blushing at my ignorance.

A second visit to the Spring Academy did not alter my first impression, already recorded in these columns. I again admired Hayley Lever's "Fisherman's Quarters" (No. 216), and the "Young Girl" of George Bellows (No. 385). But I did wonder over the attendance. Crowds! Curiously enough, the very year that the academy decided to throw open its doors to the public several dealers' galleries charge an admission fee. This, in my humble opinion, is a mistake; the majority of picture galleries on Fifth Avenue ought to pay the public for their presence—how the fake "old masters" would smile.

Where
Mine Host
Offers His
Choicest
Viands



NEW YORK'S TWO FRENCH
HOTELS and RESTAURANTS

Hotel Brevoort

Fifth Avenue and 8th Street

Cafe Lafayette

University Place and 9th Street

French cuisine of
universal reputation



This Print Free

One of the famous PUCK color-pages printed in four colors on heavy plate paper, 11x14 inches, all ready for framing. A copy will be sent free to any address with every three-months' trial subscription to PUCK at \$1.10. Send stamps or check.

PUCK

301 Lafayette St.
New York

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-



When the "boys" spy the trim, dainty figure of alluring little Miss **SEPTEMBER MORN** so handsomely embossed on these Watch Vols, they go to them like hungry water. **ROSE GOLD FINISH**; twice the size shown here; genuine Leather strap. A smashing big hit!—get this classy job and BIG MONEY agent's offer today, 25c. postpaid. **BUFFALO EMBLEM JEWELRY CO.** 421 Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.



GREAT TRIAL OFFER!

Your Chance to Learn about California, its Great Fair, its Business, Housekeeping, Sports, etc. Send

25c.—Coin or Stamps—3 Mos. Regular Rate \$1.50 a Year

Send It Now to

The Out West Magazine
Los Angeles, California

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Readers who have copies of PUCK for July 11, 1914, and September 12, 1914, are invited to write to the PUCK OFFICE, 301 Lafayette Street, New York, providing they care to dispose of these two numbers.

BLACK & WHITE

Scotch Whisky

Men of knowledge have found that Black and White is better suited to this climate than any other Scotch; for they can't drink the big heavy heady whiskies with safety.

Your regular dealer can supply you today.

ALEX D **SHAW** & CO NY



DIARY October 27, 1920

A fine day for the hunt. We started at daybreak and gathered at noon for dinner. We took with us some good

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

Today as of yore Old Overholt is still chosen as the one beverage to season a good day's sport. Its uniform purity and flavor make it the choice of all critical men. Aged in the wood, bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.





A SENSITIVE PATRIOT

FAIR AMERICAN: Why aren't you over on the other side fighting for your country?
ALGY: Who? I? Oh, khaki is so deuced unbecoming to me, don't you know.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps.
O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL

"Well, dear," said the ballplayer's wife, "who won the game this afternoon?"
"We did," said the star batsman of the home team, "and I tell you I had a mighty profitable day. I was at bat four times. The first time up I made a two-base hit. It hit the elephant of the Elephant Cigarettes sign square on the right tusk and I got fifty dollars for that."
"Fine!"
"Yes, and the second time up I hit the fence again, this time right in the middle of the big red can that advertises Booble's Pure Food Soup. That netted me seventy-five bucks more."
"Lovely!"
"Sure; but it didn't stop there. The third time at bat I struck out, but one of my strikes was a high foul to the roof of the grand-stand and the ball just happened to ring the bell that's an ad. for McCluskey's Ginger Ale. Fifty dollars more."
"Dandy! What next? A home run?"
"No, nothing like that. Just a little bunt along the third base line. The ball rolled square into the hole that advertises Jenkins' Mustard Pickles, so I copped twenty-five more. Oh, it was some afternoon! If you're ready, we'll take a spin in the automobile that I won for hitting the Eye in the 'Eye Told You So' Peerless Pants sign."

WELL UP

"Now in the course of this play," said the manager, "you do several funny falls. How are you on falls?"
"I come next to Niagara," responded the other, with that confidence not unnecessary to a comedian of rank.

THE JOKER

"Penner says his new novel is selling like 'hot-cakes.'"
"Yes—in July."

Detroit Marine Engine

Sent on 30 Days Free Trial
Demonstrator Agents wanted everywhere. Special whole sale price on first outfit sold. Write TODAY. AMAZING fuel injector moves HALF operating cost, gives more power, will not back-fire. Engine starts without cranking; reversible, only three moving parts. Join "boosters" club. Detroit Engine Works, 1384 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Kor-Ker Seals Punctures Instantly
TRADE MARK
Registered U.S. Preserves the Tube. Overcomes Slow Leaks. Increases Tire Mileage. Tubes last longer and can be easily transferred to new casings. Does not interfere with vulcanizing.
KOR-KER PUNCTURE CURE
always efficient—not a filler—occupies but little space.
3 to 3½ in. tires \$8.00 the set.
4 to 4½ in. tires \$10.00 the set.
Send for our booklet and facsimile testimonials.
District Managers Wanted. High grade men, capable of securing salesmen and financing orders. Unusual opportunity.
ALCEMO MFG. CO.
Manufacturers and Distributors
23 Bridge Street
Newark, N.J.



Cork Tip or Plain End 15¢
MOGUL EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES
Just like being in Cairo
Amargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

GOOD NEWS for all Friends and Admirers of Egyptian Plain End Cigarettes

MOGUL EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES



the most delectable of all Mild cigarettes may now be had
PLAIN END
In the convenient FLAT BOX with the PROTECTIVE INNER FOIL and OUTER LINEN WRAPPER. 15¢
Amargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

Men's Soft Hats, \$1.95

"Made in U. S. A."

Unusual Values

THESE smart soft Hats just in from a maker who is rated particularly high in the production of this type of men's headwear, and were we disposed to ask a higher price we would have no difficulty in marketing them. For the opening of our Spring Hat season, however, we have decided to sell them at \$1.95, and at that figure consider them one of the most attractive offerings the Hat Shop has ever been able to announce. The shapes are the last word in Spring blocks, narrow brim with high crown, adjustable in various styles. The colors are black, blue, sage and bottle green, seal, tobacco and maple brown, London smoke and stone.

Other excellent Hats, soft or derby, \$1.95 and \$3.00.

Stetson Hats, always in the best Hat Shops, \$3.50 to \$5.00.



ABRAHAM AND STRAUS
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Street Floor,
Men's Shop,
East Building

AGENTS of good address wanted by a reputable house, in every locality. No previous experience necessary. Prompt settlements and easy hours.

Address **Ruck**

Box A2 301 Lafayette St., New York

WANTED—AN IDEA!

WHO can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." **HANDOLPH & Co.**, Patent Attorneys, Dept. 166, Washington, D. C.



ALAS, YES!

THE POET: All the world's a stage.
THE PESSIMIST: Yes; and most of us
have a seat behind a post!

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters
are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters
by mail, 25 cts. in stamps.
O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

ODE TO A COLD

Tickle tickle little cough,
I wonder when you'll take me off!

A BAD GUESS

PANHANDLER: Mister, I appeal to
you—
PASSER-BY: Not in the least, bo!
Excuse my dust!

A SEVERE TEST

REV. DR. HOWLER: Mr. Flubdub,
your wife is a true Christian.
MR. FLUBDUB: Yes; I really believe
that woman would actually lend her
best cut glass for a church sociable.

REVISED TO DATE

"Bildock's latest move didn't better
his condition, did it?"
"No; he merely jumped from the
electric griddle into the fireless
cooker."

RECIPE

"Jack is such a favorite with the
girls."
"Yes; he handles them with gloves
—about ten pair per year."



The most authoritative expression of the present German position available in America appears in Collier's this week and next week. "A Nation United" by Senator Beveridge is the first of these articles and appears May 1st. The second article, "German Thought Back of the War," also by Senator Beveridge, appears May 8th.

Select Your Boat From this Catalog



172 Boats to Choose From

Fifty Leading Boat Builders have joined with the Gray Motor Co. in issuing a catalog of Specialized Boats—specialty of each concern from a 16 ft. fishing launch at \$103.00 to a beautiful mahogany express runabout with every ingenious device that modern thought has developed in a boat, with a self-starting 6-cylinder GRAY motor, complete in every detail for \$2500.00—or a snug, safe, roomy little cruiser with all the comforts of a home—172 boats that you choose from. Write for this catalog today, sent free. We make it easy for you to find just the boat you want, at the price you want to pay, and in the locality you wish to buy it in, with a GUARANTEED motor installed.

GRAY MARINE MOTORS

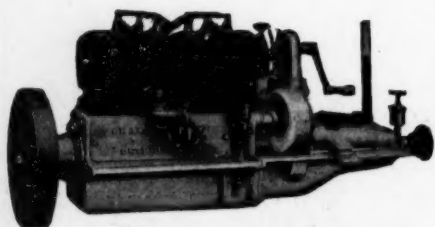
Five new models for 1915—including two, four and six cylinder, self-starting, quiet running four-cycles, and the latest ideas in new two-cycle design motors from 3 to 50 H. P. Write for this new, interesting and complete catalog today.

Also "A Book of Boats"

A new and effective idea, full of authoritative information on boats and engines—just what its title explains it to be. A book that will solve hundreds of the little problems that confront everybody considering a hull or a power plant.

No theory here—all actual practice. Not the opinion of one man, but the boiled down experience of thousands of boatmen in all parts of the world. Write for these three books today—FREE.

Gray Gearless Out-board Motor



A NEW GRAY MODEL—4-Cylinder, 4-Cycle, 16-20 H. P. (guaranteed to develop 25), with every feature you have ever hoped for on a Boat Motor. \$210.00 and upward—depending on equipment.



Mechanically Better.
No Gears to Strip.
Fits Any Rowboat.

GRAY MOTOR CO.

544 Gray Motor Building

DETROIT, MICH.

5¢ a copy
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
416 West 13th Street, New York City



NOT HER CUE

DRUGGIST (to his wife): For heaven's sake, Rosie, don't come into the store just now. I'm selling some of my fat-reducing pills!

A BASEBALL SCHEDULE

"It must take a deal of care, I should imagine, to arrange a baseball schedule!"

"Yes; so many attractions conflict. Now in Boston we have a lot of trouble avoiding dates on which there are symphony concerts."

ENGINEERING FEAT

"Women are born engineers."
"What has excited your admiration now?"

"Seeing my wife fit sixteen bridge tables into a three-room flat."

SUNNY BROOK

The PURE FOOD Whiskey

As A Pleasant Beverage and A Pure, Wholesome Tonic It Has No Equal.

For Sale Everywhere

ON SALE APRIL 29th

100TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

1815 THE 1915

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

MAY

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO THIS MONTH
MAY, 1815
THE FIRST NUMBER OF THIS REVIEW
WAS PUBLISHED

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY - FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

THE May number is the one hundredth birthday number of America's oldest magazine. It will contain articles republished from the first numbers, reproductions of the early covers, portraits of former editors, and practically every article will be a special centenary contribution. The number will be a suitable souvenir of a most important publishing event, and it will be well worth while binding for permanent keeping.

**Special
Centennial
Offer**

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY
Enclosed please find one dollar, for which enter my subscription for an introductory period of five months, beginning with the May number.

Name _____
Address _____

**5 months
for
\$1.00**

New England The Vacation Land

Maine Coast

The vacation of your heart's desire is down in this wonderful sea country.
Brilliant summer resorts with their superb hotels; small inns in wonderful places, quaint fishing villages, little island colonies, beautiful camps.
Nowhere else in America do you get so much of the real flavor of the sea, or such beauty of shore, woods and sky, or such glorious out-door life.
Send for Booklet A.

Vacation Books

Essential to wise summer planning.
The practical facts that you need to make the best vacation arrangements.
Containing lists of summer hotels, boarding-houses and camps, in over 1000 places WITH RATES and other useful information.
The White Mountains, the Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont Lakes and Woods, Berkshire Hills, Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Penobscot Bay, Mt. Desert and the ocean coast of five states are covered.
Send for booklet B—state region you prefer

The White Mountains of New Hampshire

Vacation pleasures under unique and delightful conditions.
Motoring on wonderful roads thousands of feet above the sea.
Golf, tennis, tramping, climbing, riding, up near the clouds.
Scenic beauty unrivalled in Eastern America.
Social life of the highest and most interesting type.
Magnificent hotels, splendid boarding houses.
Send for booklet C.

N. Y., N. H. & M. R. R.
B. & M. R. R.
M. C. R. R.

For booklets and information address
Vacation Bureau
171 Broadway, Room _____, New York

BE AN ARTIST

ALL BRANCHES OF ART TAUGHT BY MAIL

WE BUY OUR STUDENTS' DRAWINGS

LEARN TO DRAW SUCCESSFULLY AND EARN BIG MONEY

DRAWING FOR NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES. ARTISTS ARE IN DEMAND

Our practical system of personal instruction and lessons by mail will develop your talent. Eighteen years of successful work for Newspapers and Magazines is the basis for the efficient method employed in this course.

We use our students' work in our syndicate, thereby making a reputation and getting their names before the Editors, Publishers, etc.

A practical school that teaches practical work. Write at once for our Illustrated Magazine with terms and list of successful pupils who have made good and whose work appears in the leading periodicals and newspapers in the United States.

ASSOCIATED ART STUDIOS. Mort. M. Burger, Director
FLATIRON BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

DAY CLASSES EVENING CLASSES MAIL INSTRUCTION

This Print Free

One of the famous PUCK color-pages printed in four colors on heavy plate paper, 11x14 inches, all ready for framing. A copy will be sent free to any address with every three-months' trial subscription to PUCK at \$1.10. Send stamps or check.

Puck
301 Lafayette St.
New York

"GRAPE SHOT"

SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE

By Dr. WINFIELD SCOTT HALL
Medical Teacher and Lecturer
Satisfactory or Money Back
Plain Truths of Sex Life and Eugenics, according to latest Medical Science Researches.
All About Sex Matters
What young women and men, fathers and mothers, all others need to know. Scientific Sex Facts Hitherto Unobtainable. Only \$1.00; postage 10c, extra mailed under plain wrapper.

AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., P.O. Box 501 Philadelphia

Write for offer to Agents and Mail-order Dealers

Puck is printed by the PUCK PRESS for the PUCK PUBLISHING CO. (Nathan Straus, Jr., President; H. Grant Straus, Secretary and Treasurer), 301 Lafayette Street, New York City. The contents of PUCK are fully protected by copyright and must not be reproduced without permission.



PALMOLIVE SOAP

Appeals to Dainty Women

Dainty women revel in the fragrant, creamy, abundant PALMOLIVE lather and its wonderful cleansing qualities. Made from palm and olive oils, PALMOLIVE SOAP is delightfully mild. Sold everywhere.

PALMOLIVE CREAM keeps the skin smooth by supplementing the natural oils. Use a little before applying powder.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO is *liquid* PALMOLIVE. Makes the proper cleansing of the hair easy.

Threefold Sample Offer—Liberal cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five two-cent stamps.

B. J. Johnson Soap Company, Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.

Canadian Factory: 155-157 George St., Toronto, Ont.

